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EBB-TIDE.

BY M. E. S.

The restless tide is slipping away,
Down and away o'er the yellow sand,
And the glist'ning seaweeds gleam and sway
In the shallow water beyond the strand,
And the curlew, shrieking, flies home to rest,
And a red sun sinks in the stormy West.

The dying sunlight a gleam doth throw
On the drear hulks lying anear the shore—
Brave barques were they in the long-ago,
But they cross the ocean wide no more;
And the tide ebbs past them away, away,
And the wind wails over the rock-girt bay.

"O love, lost love, has the tide of Life
Been kinder to you than it has to me?
Have you learned how bitter it is to drift
In a rudderless barque o'er a sullen sea,
Or have merrily danced, without a care,
O'er summer waves in the sunshine fair?

"I know not; only the night-wind chill
Sighs over the face of the restless deep,
And, safe in the harbor under the hill,
The anchored vessels seem all asleep;
And I wonder, gazing across the wave,
If sleep is sweet in the silent grave!"

WON AT LAST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A TERRIBLE PENALTY," "HIS DEAREST SIN," "MISS FORRISTER'S LAND STEWARD," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.—(CONTINUED).

"I DON'T think Mershon's to blame," said Bobby. "He was led away by the governor's enthusiasm. Who wouldn't be? You know the way he talks. I don't think Mershon's such a bad fellow, after all. He—he is behaving very well about it. He has lost a lot of money in the affair."

"I am sorry!" said Decima; "very, very sorry! But Mr. Mershon is a rich man, and it will not matter to him. But it will matter very much to poor father—for we are not rich, are we, Bobby? But, never mind"—she forced a smile—"we will meet it as best we can; we shall have to economize. You will only be able to smoke half as many cigarettes, Bobby."

She crept closer to him, and laid her head upon his shoulder. It was the only word of reproach she would utter.

Bobby looked down at her remorsefully, and then away suddenly, as if he could not bear the sight of her brave smile, which touched him more than tears would have done.

"We shall have to leave the Woodbines, I suppose?" she said. She stifled a sigh. "Well, never mind; we can go into one of the new little cottages, and live very quietly and plainly——"

Bobby's face worked, and his lips parted, as if he were about to speak; but his courage failed him, and he got up quickly, his face averted from her.

"I'll—I'll go and change," he said. "We—we will talk about it after dinner."

He hurried out of the room.

Decima sat where he had left her, her hands clasped in her lap. Although she had not been altogether unprepared, the blow had fallen heavily.

Presently she heard steps coming towards the door, and she thought it was Bobby returning, but the door opened, and Mr. Mershon's voice said:

"I beg your pardon; is your brother here?"

Decima rose, and moved away slightly.

"He has just gone," she said.

Mershon came into the room, and stood looking at her.

"I see he has told you, Miss Decima," he said.

"Yes," said Decima, with her back almost turned to him. "He has told me, and I am very sorry! I am sorry that you should lose so much money through my father's fault."

He drew a little nearer.

"There's no occasion to be sorry on my account," he said. "I shan't miss it. I'm sorry, too—for your father."

Decima sighed.

"We must bear it," she said. "I have just been telling Bobby that we must leave the Woodbines and live very plainly, like—like poor people—which I suppose we shall be. There is nothing very hard in that."

He looked at her with a curious expression.

"And—and perhaps, if we are very careful," she went on, in a low voice, "we may be able to pay you back some of the money you have lost through us—I don't know how much it is!"

Mershon suppressed a smile.

"I'm afraid your brother hasn't told you all," he said.

"Yes," said Decima; "he has told me all. He is bearing it bravely! Poor Bobby! It will be a struggle for him; for he will have to manage with a very small allowance, I'm afraid. But it will be all right when he gets into the army; for he is so clever that he is sure to get on."

"It is evident that he hasn't told you all," said Mershon. "I'm afraid, Miss Decima, that the case is worse than you guess. I didn't know how bad it was myself until I'd had a talk with your father and brother together."

Decima looked at him with slowly growing apprehension.

"What do you mean?" she said, faintly. "How can it be worse?"

"Well," he said, with a slight shrug of his shoulders, "you talk about paying me back, and your brother going into the army; but I'm afraid there's little chance of either event coming off—not that I want to be paid back, or should take the money. The fact is, Miss Decima, your father has been going in for this thing neck or nothing—what we call in the city, lose all or win all. It appears—mind! I didn't know it, or I should strongly have advised him against such foolhardiness—that he has put every penny he possessed into this confounded thing. And, of course, he has lost it. In fact, I'm afraid, he has made himself liable for more than he has got. He says he is utterly ruined!"

Decima stared at him with wide eyes; her lips quivered, but no sound came.

Mershon went and closed the door with his foot; then he came near to her—as near as he dared.

"Look here, Miss Decima," he said. "It's best to face these things straight out, and so I've told you the absolute truth. Your father's ruined, and your brother will have to give up all idea of the army, and take his chances in the colonies—and a deuced poor chance it is, I'm afraid! That is, unless——"

He paused, and looked at her, and then down at the ground, for the terror in her eyes and white face daunted even him for a moment.

"Unless," he went on, "Well, it all rests with you!"

"With me?"

Her lips formed the words; they were scarcely audible.

"Yes; with you!" he said. "Miss Decima, I'm a straight man. We have to speak out straight in the city—and I won't treat you as a child, but as a girl—a woman upon whom her father's and brother's happiness and welfare depend. This trouble's about as big as it can be. They must go under with it—unless you care to save them!"

"I—I save them!" said Decima.

He jerked his head.

"Yes! You remember what I said to you the other night, at the Leafmore ball. I told you I loved you, and I asked you to be my wife. You said 'No!' then, but I said I wouldn't take your answer. I haven't taken it. I ask you again—now! If you will say 'Yes,' I will take this trouble off your hands. I will find the money your father's lost; I will double your brother's allowance—and pay his debts——"

"His debts!" breathed Decima.

Mershon laughed shortly.

"Oh, yes; there are debts! He has been going the pace! I'll do more than this—I'll keep an eye on your father for the future, and look after him. And I'll make a settlement on you—as large as you like!"

In his eagerness he had taken a step or two nearer. Decima drew back until she leant against the window. Her brain was whirling; she felt as if she were suffocating, and her eyes were fixed on his shrewd, sharp face as if she were under a spell.

"Come!" he said. "I've made this offer bluntly, because it's business; but I could put it in another way. I love you, Decima—love yo with all my heart and soul. I want you more than I've wanted anything before in my life. If you'd said 'Yes' to me the other night, you'd never have heard anything of this trouble—I'd have paid up every penny, and said not a syllable about it. That's my way. But you said 'No!' and I'm obliged to tell you, and make a bargain with you. You close with my offer, and I'll never refer to it again. No one need know anything about it—not even your brother—for I can tell him that things have turned out better than we expected. It will be easy to bamboozle him, for he knows as little of business as the rest of you. Do you mind smoking, for I'm a little upset?—I see your brother's had a cigarette——"

He lit his cigar, and his hand shook as Bobby's had done, but with a different emotion. Decima put up a shaking hand and brushed the soft hair from her forehead. No bird in the fowler's net was more helpless than she was at that moment. As Mershon had said to his sister, he had got her tightly. Her father ruined; Bobby's future absolutely blasted. And by a word, a word of three letters, she could save them.

At that moment all Lady Pauline's lessons, inculcating the duty of self-sacrifice, flashed across her mind. To live for others, to suffer for others; it was the woman's ideal, the woman's duty—should be the woman's pleasure. No thought of herself rose to deter her. By saying "Yes" she could save those she loved!

She thought of her father, broken-hearted by his failure, cooped up in a laborer's cottage, deprived of his workshop, of all his dreams; she thought of Bobby, the bright boy, with his shattered hopes, starving in the colonies, and a shudder swept over her.

She could save him by the one word. "Yes."

At that moment—why, she knew not—she thought of Lord Gaunt. If he were only here to help her, advise her! But he was not here; he might be thousands of miles away. She was alone and helpless.

Mershon eyed her covertly. He knew that she was struggling, but he knew that there was no loophole in the net that he had drawn round her.

"What do you say?" he said at last.

Decima seemed to wake as if from a dream, and turned her eyes upon him with a half-dazed, half-appealing gaze.

"Why do you hesitate?" he said. "You said the other night that you didn't dislike me. I don't expect you to love me; but I daresay you like me well enough to be my wife. All the rest will come after we are married; it generally does. Anyhow, I'll chance it. Give me your answer. Say 'Yes,' Decima, and I'll go straight in and tell your father and brother that they need n't worry themselves any more about this miserable business. Your father can go on playing at making his fortune by inventions, and your brother can go into the army and be a general in time. Only say the word, and leave the rest to me." There was silence in the room, broken only by the faint croak of the jackdaw as he preened his feathers. The slim girlish figure, with its white face and dark-rimmed eyes, leant by the window. Her heart was like lead, and beat slowly and heavily, as if it were imprisoned by a hand of ice.

To save them, the dear ones!

"Well!" he said, "what is your answer?"

Her hands clenched at her side, the martyr's look came into her eyes.

"I must! I must!" she breathed. "Yes."

CHAPTER XX.

"YES!" Decima said, and, almost inaudible as the words was, it sent the blood rushing to Mershon's face.

He took a step towards her, with outstretched hands, as if to take her in his arms; but something in her face as she shrank back arrested him. There was almost a terror in her eyes, and she the monosyllable "No!" went aple to the lips, which formed

The color died from Mershon's cheek, and his arms fell to his sides as he stood looking at her irresolutely. But he was very much in love, and he was wise enough to know that half a loaf is better than none. Besides, she had not told him that she loved him, but had simply promised to be his wife, and he must be content with that—for a time.

"You have made me very happy, Decima," he said. "I've always got what I wanted all through my life, and my luck hasn't deserted me. It's not a bad thing to marry a lucky man, my dear."

Decima winced at the "my dear," and shrank back a little farther. She was confused and bewildered, and the predominant feeling at that moment was the desire that he would go. If he would only go and leave her alone to get her breath, as it were!

"You'd better leave me to tell your father and brother," he said. "I daresay they won't be very much astonished; anyone could have seen that I'd fallen in love with you. Yes; I'll tell them."

"Thank you," she said, almost gratefully; for she shrank from the thought of having to tell them.

He still stood looking at her irresolutely; then he took her hand, half-fearfully, and touched it with his lips, which burnt against the coldness of her hand. When he had gone, Decima looked at the hand vacantly, as if it did not belong to her; then she sank on to one of the cages and sat staring before her, trying to realize that she was to be Theodore Mershon's wife.

Her very innocence prevented her realizing fully what it meant. Lady Pauline's system of perfect ignorance was bearing its fruit. If Decima had known as much as other girls, that whispered "Yes" would have been impossible; and the knowledge would have saved her from a sacrifice, all too common, but none the less wicked and unholy.

But all she shrank from was the thought of leaving the Woodbines and her father, and going to live in the society of Mr. Mershon and his sister at the Firs. She would have to be with him always, to go with him wherever he went; to live in the great new house, the splendor of which oppressed her; to spend long hours listening to Mrs. Sherborne's praise of her brother. This was all which presented itself to her imagination; but it was enough. Only one thought consoled her—that she would still be near her father, and that she would be able to see him often; that she had saved him and Bobby from ruin, and that Bobby's future was assured.

After a while she went up to her own room. She caught sight of her face in the glass, and its expression startled her. A knock at the door sent her hand to her heart, and she turned round with alook in her eyes almost of terror, as if she dreaded to see Mr. Mershon.

But it was Bobby.

"Decima!" he exclaimed, half-anxiously, and yet with something like relief in his voice, "is this true that Mershon has been telling us?"

She stood with her back to the light, and he could not see her face distinctly, or it would have told its tale.

"Yes, it is true, Bobby," she said.

And she managed—Heaven only knows how—to force a smile, and speak cheerfully.

"Well!" he exclaimed. "It's taken my breath away. I hadn't the least idea— But I suppose it's been going on while I've been away?"

"Yes," she faltered, "while you've been away."

He looked at her still a little doubtfully, and began to pace up and down.

"It seems sudden to me, all the same," he said. "I didn't think—" He bit his lip. "But, after all, Mershon's not a bad fellow. He's improved—I—I—beg your pardon, Decie, I do, indeed—but it's the truth—he has improved. He has behaved like a brick over this affair of the company. He must be a good fellow at heart, or—he would have cut up rough. And, then, see how fond his sister is of him! And—and—Decie, I've come to congratulate you."

"Thank you, Bobby!" she said very slowly.

"Of course he isn't worthy of you," he said, hurriedly. "I don't know a man in the world who is—except—"

He stopped and colored, and Decima knew how she could not have told—that the unspoken name was "Gaunt." The blood rushed to her face, then left it pale again.

"You'll be very rich, Decie," he said. "And he simply worships the ground you tread on. I could see that while he was telling us. He has gone off like a man half beside himself with joy."

"And father?" said Decima, in a low voice.

Bobby laughed shortly.

"Oh! father's very glad; it's cheered him up wonderfully. Besides, Mershon told him that he thinks he can see a way to save a greater portion of the money—something about foreign patents—I didn't quite understand."

But Decima did, and she turned her head away.

He looked at her still a little uneasily, then he went to her and took her hand.

"Look here, Decie!" he said. "You're glad, aren't you? You're doing this of your own free will? It's what you want?"

Her lips quivered, but she forced a smile upon them, and met his anxious gaze steadily.

"I am doing it of my own free will, yes, Bobby."

He dropped her hand, and drew a breath of relief.

"That's all right, then!" he said. "I only asked because—because it's so sudden." He stood with his hands thrust in his pockets, and looked out of the window, and she went up behind him, and put her hands upon his shoulders, and laid her cheek against his short, wavy hair.

"You will work hard for your examination, Bobby, won't you?" she said in a low, pleading voice.

"Yes—yes!" he said, a little hoarsely. "I must go back to-morrow morning; and I'm going to grind away like anything."

"And—and, Bobby, you won't be extravagant?" She felt him wince, and he still kept his face turned from her.

"No, no; that's all over!" He bit his lip. "I mean that I will be very careful. London's a deuce of a place, and—and the money melts away before you know where you are.'" He laughed uneasily. "I'm going in for retrenchment and reform, as the political chaps say; I'm going to be a model young man, Decie." The color came and went in his face.

"Thank you, Bobby!" she murmured, gratefully. He turned suddenly, and caught her in his arms and kissed her, then he put her away from him as suddenly, and hurried from the room.

Mr. Mershon walked back from the Firs treading on air. No success he had ever made had affected him as this did. He went straight to his sister's boudoir, and, flinging his cap on to a chair, smiled down at her, where she sat with some fancy needlework. She half rose, nervously, then sank back, and gazed up at him, inquiringly. He laughed stridently, and pushed the hair from his forehead.

"I've got her!" he said. "I've come to tell you the news! Decima has promised to be my wife!"

Her lips parted, but she said nothing.

"Don't you understand?" he demanded. "Why do you gape up at me as if I'd said the world was coming to an end? I tell you, Decima Deane is going to be my wife. She has just accepted me. Well! Can't you speak?"

"I—I'm very glad!" she stammered. "I congratulate you, Theodore, and I hope—you will be happy."

"Hope!" he laughed, and sneered at her. "Of course I shall be happy! I always am when I get what I want—and, God knows, I want her badly enough! Happy! What man wouldn't be happy with the loveliest, sweetest girl in all the world for his wife! For Heaven's sake," he broke off, angrily, "don't sit and stare at me as if I were some kind of monster at a fair!"

"I—I am only surprised, Theodore," she said, nervously. "I didn't think that she—I mean—"

"I don't care what you mean!" he said, savagely. "But what do you mean! Is it so very wonderful that she should accept me—like me—care for me—yes—love me!" Am I hunchbacked, deformed, old? What is there so surprising in it, that you turn as white as a sheet, and gape at me?"

"I—I didn't mean to, Theodore," she said. "It's—it's a good match for her."

He was leaving the room, but he turned upon her savagely.

"What the devil do you mean by that? I suppose that you mean to insinuate that she's marrying me for my money? Is that it?"

She was frightened by his violence, and visibly cowered in her chair.

"No, no; why should I, Theodore?" she said.

"I'm d——d if I know!" he retorted, his eyes shifting from side to side; for he knew that he had spoken the truth. "All I know is, that you take the news in a ghoulish fashion that is simply disgusting. I suppose you are thinking that you'll be turned out?" he sneered. "You needn't be afraid. I shall want you still; I won't have her, Decima, my wife!"—he spoke the word with an exultant pride—"I won't have my wife worried with housekeeping. You can stay on here—if she'll let you. Perhaps you can console yourself with that, and find something more cheerful to say."

She bent her head.

"I'm sure I hope she will be happy, Theodore," she said.

"Happy!" he snarled. "Of course she will be! Why shouldn't she? She will have everything she wants—everything money can buy! By Heaven! I'd pull the moon out of the sky if she wanted it! You can tell her so if you like, when you go and see her to-morrow."

With this command he flung himself out of the room.

They were very quiet that night at the Woodbines. Decima seemed to be under the influence of a spell from which even Bobby's presence could not free her. She and he listened to Mr. Deane as he paced up and down the drawing-room, and talked in his rhapsodical way, now of her engagement, now of some new invention, for, alas! the Electric Storage Company had lost its hold upon him, and he was off in another direction!

Every now and then Bobby would glance at Decima with the expression of fain doubt and anxiety which his face had worn in her room; but she always met his glance with a smile. And all through the evening this thought buoyed her up: "I have saved these two; and against their happiness mine does not count."

She felt very tired; but she sat up long after her father had gone to his laboratory, while Bobby smoked endless cigarettes. She sat close beside him, her hands sometimes on his knee, her head on his shoulder.

At last she went to her own room, and, even then, in its solitude, she did not realize what she had done. How could she, encircled by the innocence with which Lady Pauline's "system" had surrounded and guarded her!

Once or twice that night, all innocently, she thought of Lord Gaunt! Where was he? Would he be glad or sorry to hear that she was going to marry Mr. Mershon? She dreamt of him that night. She dreamt that he was far away in Africa; that she was trying to tell him what had happened, but that, though she cried at the top of her voice, it could not reach him; and in her sleep she sobbed at the thought.

Bobby went off by the early train in the morning.

"I shan't be in your town many weeks longer, Decie," were his last words. "I shall grind away at this French and German, and come back and finish up with old Brown. I mean to pass this exam.; you may bet your life on that. Give my love to Mershon."

He had got a cheque of Mershon's in his pocket. But don't think the worse of Bobby for this. Youth is youth; and Decima had played her part so well that he was firmly convinced she had accepted Mershon of her own free will.

The days passed. Mershon came over to the Woodbines every afternoon. Sometimes he remained to dinner. Nothing succeeds like success; and just at this time Mr. Mershon was at his best. For one thing, he was very careful. He did not claim any of the privileges which belong to the engaged man. Something told him that if he had attempted to kiss Decima she would have revolted, and he would have lost her; so, although he was as attentive as the most exacting mistress could have desired, he held himself in check, and refrained from any caress. He intended to accustom Decima to his presence and her position as his affianced wife. What his restraint cost him he alone could tell.

Mrs. Sherborne came constantly, and sometimes Decima went to the Firs. Its splendor still oppressed her, but she tried to get used to it; she told herself that she would have to live in its midst presently.

No pen can describe her state of mind. She seemed to have no friend in the world, no one to whom she could go and tell the truth—the truth.

It is said that the martyrs, when they heard the dread sentence that they were to be cast to the lions, passed from a state of anxiety and suspense to one of stupor or calm indifference. This pretty exactly describes Decima's condition; she was in a state of stupor and indifference.

Mershon had made no secret of the engagement, and congratulations and good wishes poured in upon Decima. Lady Roborough, Lady Ferndale, and others in the county set, called upon her, and said pleasant and friendly things; and Decima received them with the set face and forced smile which had of late become so easy to her.

"I suppose," said Lady Roborough to Lady Ferndale, "that it is a very good match for her. The man is very rich. I'm given to understand, and the Deanes are poor?"

"Yes," said Lady Ferndale, doubtfully, "I have no doubt it is a very good match. But"—she sighed; she had married for love—"I've an idea that she doesn't look quite happy."

Lady Roborough laughed, cynically.

"Who is, my dear?" she said. "We can't all marry for love, as you did; but she will be all right. The man is devotedly attached to her—and such marriages generally end well."

"Ah! but do they?" said Lady Ferndale, with a shake of the head. "Poor girl!" and she sighed.

Decima's life went on as usual. She ran the house, and devoted herself to her father. She went her rounds of charity and mercy as before; but she did it all as if she were moving in a dream. The poor people noticed the difference in her, remarked the paleness of her face, the sad look in her eyes. Often, while she was listening to them, her attention would stray, and she would get up and leave the cottage with one of their sentences unfinished. Indeed, and in very truth, she was walking in a dream—the martyr's dream.

One day Mr. Mershon came down to the Woodbines. His face was a little graver than usual, and all through dinner he was rather absent-minded. When it was over, he went to the drawing-room and leaned over the chair in which Decima was sitting with a book in her hand—which she had not been reading.

"I've got some news for you," he said. "You remember my telling you about that Italian Concession?"

He often told her of his enterprises and of their success; but she forgot them; and she knitted her brows.

"The Italian Concession?" she said.

"Yes; the water-works business. They want me to go over there. There's money in it—a pile of money. And I'm half-inclined to go. How would you like to go with me? You would like to see Italy—it's a place most girls hanker after—and we could do it very well; I could spare a couple of months."

She looked up at him, doubtfully, questioningly.

"Father hates traveling," she said.

Mershon bit his lip.

"I didn't think of your father coming," he said, 'but of you. Look here, Decie, why shouldn't we be married and go on this Italian trip for a honeymoon?"

The blood rushed to her face, and left it pallid.

"Married!" she breathed, almost inaudibly.

"Yes; why not?" he demanded, with a catch in his breath. "Why shouldn't we take this opportunity and be married? What is the use of waiting? This is a first-rate opportunity of combining pleasure with business."

She could not see the eagerness in his eyes, but she felt it. A shudder convulsed her.

"What do you say?" he went on. "I don't see any reason why we shouldn't do it. I needn't go for a fortnight or three weeks; I leave that to you."

To be married—to be Theodore Mershon's wife in a fortnight or three weeks! The room grew suddenly dark to her.

"You think it over," he said. "You talk it over with my sister; you're going to tea with her to-morrow."

Decima found her voice at last.

"It is so soon," she said. She rose, and went to the fireplace, in which a fire was burning, as if she had been stricken by a sudden cold. He followed her.

"What is the use of waiting?" he reiterated. "Let us get the thing over and done with." His breath came fast, and his small eyes glowed with a passionate fire.

Decima shrank away from him. With all her innocence of what marriage meant, a fearful repugnance rose within her and overwhelmed her.

"You'd like to see Italy!" he said. "Here's a good chance. Say 'Yes,' Decima."

She fought against the repugnance; she thought of her father, of Bobby. What did it matter what happened to her if they were safe and secure?

"Very well," she said, in a voice which seemed to belong to some other person.

The blood rushed to Mershon's face, and he stretched out his hand to seize on hers; then he drew it back, for something in her face, so set and strained, warned him; and he moved away.

CHAPTER XXI.

She lay awake all that night. The next day, pale and listless, she went over to the Firs, to take tea with Mrs. Sherborne. Mrs. Sherborne was sitting over her fire in her boudoir, her head resting on her hand, her attitude one of dejection; and she started to her feet nervously as Decima was shown in.

"Take off your things here by the fire, dear," she said, and she began to unfasten Decima's fur boa. As she did so, her trembling hands touched Decima's cheek, and its icy coldness caused her to start and look at the girl with abrupt intentness.

"You are cold?" she said, and she took one of Decima's hands and held it between hers as she scanned the pale face.

"It is cold to-day," said Decima. "Autumn has stolen upon us so softly that one forgets that the summer has gone."

She moved to the fire, and sank into a chair, listlessly. Mrs. Sherborne laid

the hat and jacket and furs on a couch, and stood just behind Decima, looking down at her.

The lonely woman had seen a great deal of the girl of late, and Decima had stolen into her heart, though Mrs. Sherborne had striven to shut its door against her. She repressed a sigh, and went and sat opposite Decima, the light from the window being full on Decima's face and showing its pallor and weariness all too plainly.

There was silence for a few minutes, Mrs. Sherborne glancing now and again at Decima; then she said, in a low voice:

"Theodore has told me about—about the wedding."

Decima started slightly, but did not raise her eyes from the fire.

"Yes?" she said.

"It is very sudden," said Mrs. Sherborne.

"It is," assented Decima, impassively.

"You will like to go to Italy?"

Decima looked up as if she were trying to interest herself in the subject; but, still listlessly, she replied:

"To Italy? Oh, yes!"

Mrs. Sherborne glanced at her, and then looked at the fire again.

"You will have a great deal to do," she said.

Decima looked at her, questioningly.

"Your trousseau, I mean," said Mrs. Sherborne.

"Shall I?" said Decima. "Will it take long? I did not know. I am going to write to my Aunt Pauline to-night. She will know what to get."

"You speak as if you did not care," said Mrs. Sherborne.

Decima smiled, but sighed.

"I suppose I do not care as much as most girls," she said. "Dress does not seem to matter to me very much."

"It would matter to you if—" Then she stopped. She had almost said, "If you loved the man you are going to marry."

"I suppose it was living with Lady Pauline so long that makes me different to most girls," said Decima. "I was always taught that it was wrong to think too much of dress and amusement."

"Lady Pauline brought you up in a strange way," said Mrs. Sherborne. "She has kept you as innocent and ignorant as a child. I have never met any girl like you. I often ask myself whether she was wise; whether, if you were like other girls, you would—would do what you are going to do!" She paused a moment; then went on, in a very low voice: "Decima, will you be very angry with me if I ask you a question?"

"Why should I be angry with you?" asked Decima.

Mrs. Sherborne bent her head so low that Decima could not see her face.

"You will think it a strange question, and stranger coming from me; for, though we have seen a great deal of each other lately, since—since your engagement, I know that you have not felt towards me like a friend—have not cared for me very much. Don't deny it," she hurried on; "it wouldn't be of any use. And I'm not complaining. But I should have been glad if you had got to care for me, shall be very glad if you grow to like me. I am a very lonely woman, Decima; and until I knew you I thought that it was impossible for me to have one tender feeling for anyone. But I have grown fond of you, dear; and for weeks past I have wanted to ask you a question which I am going to ask now."

"Ask me," said Decima. "What is it?"

Mrs. Sherborne lips twitched nervously.

"Do you care for Theodore?" she asked, with the abruptness of a timid and reserved nature.

Decima did not start; but the color came quickly to her face, and as quickly fled again.

"Why do you ask me that?" she said.

"Because—because I have watched you. I have seen you grow thin and pale. You were such a happy-looking girl when you first came here; there was a glad light in your eyes, and always a smile on your lips! But now—! Well, I've watched you when you've been with Theodore, and I've seen you—have seen the look on your face when he spoke to you or touched you."

Decima's head bent lower.

Mrs. Sherborne stretched out her hand, and laid it on Decima's clasped ones.

"Oh! my dear, I must speak!" she said, in a strained voice. "I have kept silence too long, but I must speak now. I could hold my tongue till the end, if I had not grown fond of you; but you've crept into my heart, and it aches and aches for you. Decima, you do not care for Theodore, you do not love him!"

Decima raised her eyes heavily.

"No," she said, in a low voice. "Mr. Mershon knows that. He does not ask me—does not expect— He says that I shall—love him after we are married!"

Her voice was almost inaudible.

Mrs. Sherborne's hand tightened on the girl's arm.

"After you are married!" she repeated, as if she were half terror-stricken. "Oh! you do not know what you are saying! You do not know what it means! You are too innocent, too ignorant! Decima, if you do not love him now, you will hate him after you are married!"

Decima started, and shrank slightly; but Mrs. Sherborne retained her grasp of her arm.

"You are indifferent now," she went on. "Something has come over you—you are just as if you were in a dream—walking in your sleep—that is because you do not know. But that indifference will turn to loathing after you are married. It always does—it always does! I know, for I have been married!"

There was a bitterness of a past misery in her voice.

"Think of it!" she went on, in a subdued, constrained tone, as if she were speaking against her will, as if every word were forced from her. "You are not happy when you are with him now; you are not glad when you are by his side; you don't like him to touch you— Oh! I have seen you and him together; I have noticed! How will it be when you have to spend every hour of your life with him; when you cannot escape from him; when he will have the right to take you in his arms—to kiss you whenever he pleases?"

Decima recoiled, and leant back, with wide open eyes fixed upon the elder woman.

"Are you beginning to understand?" said Mrs. Sherborne. "And do you think that I am mistaken—that what I say is not true? My dear, it is, it is! I know, because I have been through it. You will be the slave, and he will be master. And you think he will not soon find out how much you dislike him? Soon, very soon, he will learn the truth, will discover that you hate him, that you will never love him, that the loathing for him will grow more intense day by day for as long as you both live!"

"Oh! what are you saying? Do not say any more!" came from Decie's white lips. A faint gleam of the knowledge of the truth was breaking in upon her.

"I must—I must!" said Mrs. Sherborne, as if in desperation. "And then, when he finds this out for himself, do you know what will happen?"

She paused, drew a long breath, and looked round the room, as if she were afraid of being overheard.

"He is all kindness and gentleness now. There is nothing he would not do for you; he is the slave, and you are the mistress; but it will all be changed then, and he will be—"

She stopped, and looked round again fearfully.

"Decima, you don't know him. He is all very well when things are going as he wants them; but, when he is thwarted, he is a devil incarnate!"

Decima uttered a low cry, and attempted to rise, but Mrs. Sherborne's hand forced her back into her chair.

"Do you think that is too strong, that it is unjust?" continued the strained voice. "It is not; I know him—you do not! There is no cruelty he would not be capable of. My poor child, he could make life a hell for you—and he would do it!"

Decima could not speak; she could scarcely breathe.

"I have known him since he was a boy," said Mrs. Sherborne, with a long-drawn sigh. "He has been cruel to me, though I have never thwarted him; he will have no pity for you; for there is nothing that rouses the devil in a man like Theodore than to find that the woman he loves dislikes and fears him!"

Her voice died away, and an intense silence reigned in the luxurious room. Mrs. Sherborne drew her hand away, and sat, with bent head, staring at the fire. Decima could not speak. It was as if a hand had torn aside the veil which shrouds the future, and had revealed it to her in all its hideousness.

"Well, I have told you!" said Mrs Sherborne. "Do you believe me? It is quite true, quite true! What will you do?"

Suddenly her tone altered, changed to one of feverish imploration.

"Child! There is yet time to draw back! Do so at any cost, at any cost—before it is too late! Better be lying out there in the churchyard, better be wandering in the streets, homeless and shelterless, than marry a man you don't love!"

Decima rose, supporting herself by the back of the chair. Her face was very white; there was horror in her eyes, in the drawn and parted lips.

"It is too late!" she said. "I—I have given my word. I must do it. I cannot draw back!

She went, with uncertain step, to the couch, and got her outdoor things, and began to put them on with trembling hands. Mrs. Sherborne watched her. All the fire and earnestness had died out of her face and manner, and she was again the apathetic, constrained, and reserved woman.

"You are going?" she said, in her old way.

"Yes, yes!" said Decima. "I must go outside. I want air!"

"And all I have said is of no use?" said Mrs. Sherborne, with a kind of cold resignation. "Well, I have done my duty—I have tried to save you. If you are resolved—"

Decima threw out her hands, with a piteous gesture, infinitely girlish, infinitely despairful.

"I cannot help it!" she murmured. "I have given my word—good-bye."

She got out of the room, and through the gorgeous hall, and into the open air, for which she seemed dying. Mrs. Sherborne's words rang in her ears, the truth of them rang like a knell in her heart. But what could she do? If it were all true, she must go through it for the sake of those she loved.

She went home, and, as she went about those duties which make up the routine of a woman's life, and which must be got through, though that woman's heart were breaking, she tried to forget the awful words of warning which Mrs. Sherborne had spoken.

But they were not to be forgotten. They haunted her day and night, and gradually there came upon her the feeling that, unless she spoke to someone, unburdened herself of the dread weight which was crushing her heart, she must go mad. She had not written to Lady Pauline; why should she not go and see her?

There, at least, was one who loved her, who could help her. It was not the first time Decima had thought of her aunt during this crisis; but she knew that Lady Pauline was not rich, certainly not rich enough to lend or give the money that was necessary to save her father and Bobby. And pride—a not unnatural pride—had prevented her confiding their joint trouble to Lady Pauline, who would have suffered all the more because of her incapacity to render assistance.

But now Decima resolved that she would go to the woman who loved her so tenderly.

"Father, I am going up to Aunt Pauline," she said, one morning. "I want to see her—I want to tell her about—about my marriage." Her lips quivered. "I can come back to-morrow, or the day after."

Mr. Deane looked up from the piece of iron he was filing, and regarded her with an absent and preoccupied stare.

"Very well, very well, my dear," he said. "Give my kind regards to Lady Pauline. Most charming woman; but lacking in intelligence. I never could make her understand— Would you mind standing out of the light, Decima?"

Decima sighed, and kissed him, and went out.

On her way to the station she saw, through the window of the closed fly, Mr. Mershon going towards the Woodbines. She had not told him that she was going, for she knew that he would have insisted upon accompanying her. And why not? It was his right. She shrank back into the corner, and closed her eyes.

She reached London about four o'clock, and took a cab to Lady Pauline's. When she rang the bell, her heart beating fast at the thought of seeing her aunt again, the door was opened, not by a spruce servant, but a shabby-looking charwoman. Decima walked in as she put the question mechanically.

"My aunt, Lady Pauline, is she at home?"

"Oh, lor', no, miss!" said the woman. "Lady Pauline ain't here. She's at Walfield. She went yesterday."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Bric-a-Brac.

RING AND CANE.—The ring is a relic of the time when men sealed their documents with it instead of affixing a written signature, and the cane was originally a cudgel carried for purposes of offence and defence.

RIGHT AND LEFT.—A scientist who has made a study of children says he has discovered why the majority of people are right-handed. Infants use both hands until they begin to try to speak. The motor speech function controls the right side of the body, and the first right-handed motions are expressive motions tending to help out speech. As speech grows, so does right handedness.

IN ICELAND.—In Iceland there are neither prisons, soldiers, drunkenness, nor police. Colonized in 874 it soon after became independent, and its isolated position, far away from the beaten track of ocean commerce, has preserved its population from many of the vices which seem almost inseparable from a high state of commercial prosperity and extensive intercourse with the rest of mankind.

IN ZULULAND.—A Zulu chief, when a stranger enters his hovel, remains silent for some moments, and seems quite unconscious of the visitor's presence. At length he says, in a tone of grave dignity, "I see you;" to which the stranger replies in the same way. The longer he takes to "see," the greater man the stranger is supposed to be; and, until he is thus "seen," he must keep silence, and appear as much as possible not to be there at all.

INDIAN COUNTING.—The Indians of Guiana have a curious system of numeration. They count by the hand and its four fingers. Thus, when they reach five, instead of saying so, they call it a "hand." Six is therefore, a "hand and first finger;" seven, a "hand and second finger." Ten is "two hands;" but twenty, instead of being "four hands," is a "man." Forty is "two men," and thus they go on by twenties. Forty six is expressed as "two men, a hand and first finger."

FLOWERS.—Amongst flowers which cause slight or serious disorders are some of the most common, and consequently those which are most generally used for the purposes of floral decoration. The number of people who are upset, often without knowing it, by the smell of roses, violets, and lilacs is a large one. A case is reported of a young lady who used to faint at the smell of orange blossoms, and that of a soldier who lost consciousness under the effect of the smell of a peony. The rose has been known to affect certain people with a violent attack of catarrh.

IT NEVER DIES OUT.—The custom of adoption is universal in Japan, where it is practiced to keep a family name from becoming extinct. Indeed, there is scarcely a family in which it has not at some time or other been resorted to. A person who has no male issue adopts a son, and, if he has a daughter, often gives her to him in marriage. A youth, or even a child, who may be the head of a family often adopts, on the point of dying, a son sometimes older than himself to succeed him.

AN OCEAN LAMP.—One of the marine curiosities recently fished from the bottom of the sea is a mammoth sea-crab, which continually emits a white light similar to that seen in the spasmodic flashes of phosphorescent luminosity kindled by fire-flies. The oddity was captured in the day-time and placed in a large tank, nothing peculiar except its immense size being noticeable in the broad glare of the tropical sun. At night, however, the crab surprised the naturalists by lighting up the water so that all the other sea creatures, great and small, occupying the same tank, could be plainly seen.

ONLY THE FEMALE.—Only the female spiders spin webs. They own all the real estate, and the males have to live a vagabond life under stones and in other obscure hiding-places. If they come about the house so often as to bore the ruling sex, they are mercilessly killed and eaten. The spider's skin is unyielding as the shells of lobsters and crabs, and is shed from time to time in the same way, to accommodate the animal's growth. If you poke over the rubbish in a female spider's back yard, among her cast-off corsets you will find the jackets of the males who have paid for their sociality with their lives—trophies of her barbarism as truly as scalps show the savage nature of the red man.

PROMISE.

BY W. A. T.

Each side the river lu the sun
The green fields lie in billowy swells,
And from the belfries floating down
The silver voice of village bells;
The green sward joyously foretells
The fragrant scent of new-mown hay,
And, looking through the mists, I see
The gold that crowns the harvest day.

Oh, joyful promise! Sun and rain
Across the furrows come and go;
The song of promise, not of pain,
Comes on the winnowing winds that blow;
My sweetheart's cheeks like blossoms glow—
The sweetest promise hidden there
Amid the boskage of the spring—
Resplendent in her beauty rare.

From field and forest, elm raid-crowned,
Down to the river at our feet,
There comes a dreamy joyous sound,
A soulful music low and sweet,
Until our hearts responsive beat,
And, looking through the light, we see
The sweet completeness that shall crown
The rapture of the yet-to-be.

Each side the river in the sun
The green fields speak of summer hours,
The nodding wild flowers dreaming on
Of summer warmth and summer showers.
We, of the opening orange-flowers,
Until our feet in clover bloom
Pause, and her ripened lips foretell
The sweeter promise yet to come.

THRO' EVIL PATHS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SISTER OR WIFE?" "THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE," "UNDER SUSPICION," "HER DEAREST FRIEND," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

THE loosening of the plaster and cement with which the entrance to the subterranean rooms had been secured, as also of the bars which had been nailed across it, was accomplished by the three men without any very great difficulty or noise.

But, when the most evident obstacles were overcome, the door proved to be locked, and Margaret did not know what had become of the key. Luckily Lawson had had some experience as a locksmith, and foreseeing difficulties of the kind, he had come provided with the instruments necessary for forcing the most obdurate fastenings. One thing was evident this entrance, at all events, had not been recently used.

The door once open, the descent was easy. A broad stairway, dark but sufficiently ventilated by unseen apparatus, led to a corrider, in which were the entrances to the theatre and the supper-room. Here, again, Lawson had to bring his locksmith's apparatus into requisition.

I had been feeling all this time as like a burglar as I think it is possible to feel without being the real thing. The silence, the momentary fear of being disturbed, the partial light of the lanterns which Margaret and I held, the strangeness of the procession down that long-forsaken staircase, and damp, dark corridor, were sufficient exciting and impressive almost too much so for Miss Lucy, who was once or twice so near screaming aloud that we wished we had left her upstairs.

At length the lock was forced back, and the door swung open with a grating sound that made us start and shiver. Sir Duncan and Doctor Fairfax took the lanterns from us and advanced cautiously, and by degrees we could discern the dreary fittings that told of bygone festivals.

Empty boxes and stalls, faded gilding and drooping velvets, and moth-eaten curtains, which were falling into dust. The place might have been filled with ghosts, but to us at any rate, they were invisible. As our eyes became more accustomed to the darkness, we discerned something that caused Margaret to suddenly clutch my arm.

At some distance to our right we descerned a faint line of light, coming apparently from beneath a door.

The men, moving cautiously through the proscenium, caught sight of it almost at the same instant as ourselves. They passed through the orchestra, and mounted the stage. Here, as they cast the light of the lanterns from side to side, we could see that some of the theatrical properties still remained.

There were chairs, tables, and all the paraphernalia of a stage drawing-room. We saw the pioneers approach the wing whence had appeared that faint stream of light, and for a moment they seemed to be listening intently. They had taken the precaution of removing their boots before mounting the stage, and were thus enabled to tread noiselessly. They made no effort to investigate the source of the light, but presently returned towards us.

"There is one in the dressing-room," whispered the Doctor, when the men had joined us; "but I hardly think the time is ripe for discovering ourselves. I should suggest that we, with Lawson, conceal ourselves in the neighborhood of the room where the light is visible, and that you ladies should draw back into the passage, pulling the door behind you, but leaving it open half an inch through which to watch proceedings.

"If you see us make for the inner room, follow. I will give you a signal; but, from the look of the stage, I imagine that whoever is within will presently show themselves. A fire has been laid recently in the grate, and there are preparations for a meal."

Miss Beverley was trembling like an aspen.

"For Heaven's sake, don't let any one escape you!" she ejaculated in a hoarse whisper.

"Never fear," replied the Doctor. "We can hear almost every movement through that thin partition, and I don't think the quarry have all gathered yet."

"Who is it?" Margaret asked, with painful tremulousness.

"I cannot be sure," the Doctor answered evasively; "but I heard Sophie's voice. Have a little patience and all will go well."

I saw Sir Duncan take Miss Beverley's hand for a moment, and then, as we had been directed, we withdrew silently. My chief feeling was one of intense interest. No ordinary play could have rivalled the situation for dramatic effect, simply because it was so intensely real.

Noiselessly the three men took up their positions on the stage. For a moment the lanterns which the Doctor retained showed us where they were posted. Then all was darkness once more, and we waited anxiously, hardly daring to breathe.

The Doctor had left us one of the lanterns, of which we had to let down the slide. Miss Lucy whispered to me her fear of rats, which, I must own, I sympathized with, but otherwise she thenceforward behaved splendidly.

We had not long to wait. The party had barely settled in obscurity when the door, where the line of light could still be seen, opened, and Sophie, carrying a lamp, came on to the stage. Having placed her burthen upon the table, she struck a match and proceeded to light a fire.

I trembled for the success of the hiding scheme, and thought every moment that she must discover one or other of her unseen neighbors. But they had chosen their positions well, for she continued her preparations without discovering their presence.

The fire alight, she proceeded to complete the preparations for serving a supper to two persons. Then she withdrew, leaving the lamp on the table.

Presently she returned with an old gentleman leaning upon her arm. Decrepit, weak, childish, apparently, with long flowing beard and pallid face, I immediately realised that the man was no other than Mr. Beverley as much by the sudden tightening of Margaret's hand upon mine as by the exclamation of astonishment which Miss Lucy only half suppressed.

Sophie placed her charge in a chair near the newly-kindled fire, and once more vanished. The old gentleman leaned for a while over the blaze, then dragged himself to his feet, and, muttering, paced the boards with uneven steps. One he called aloud. "Beatrice—Beatrice! Come—do not leave me here—come, I say!" Then he stamped his feet with what little strength he possessed, and resumed his pacing.

I wondered that Margaret could witness the scene in silence, for it was a heart-rending sight. But I felt sure that she was waiting for the appearance of her stepmother.

After the lapse of a few minutes Mrs. Beverley came from the dressing-room, and the old man's face brightened considerably at sight of her. She seemed a radiant vision in this dreary place, and wore a long opera-cloak of brocade, trimmed profusely with lace and lined with flaming rose-colored satin, which completely enveloped her figure.

"Come," she said, going up to her husband—"you must make a good supper, for we have a journey before us to-night."

"To-night! Where are you going to take me—to see Margaret?" he inquired.

"Oh, to a charming place! See—here is food and wine. But it seems cold here. Sophie, close the curtain."

The maid, who had brought in the supper, proceeded to obey Mrs. Beverley's order, and I feared that we should be disappointed in watching the proceedings. But the curtain drew from the side instead of descending from overhead, and Sophie closed it only far enough to shield the table, the fire, and Mr. and Mrs Beverley, making a warm enclosure, but allowing us to see what went on.

The two ate and drank, and, as Mr. Beverley swallowed the champagne his wife had provided him with, he became quite jolly. It was a ghastly sight, and caused Margaret to set her teeth hard.

Once the old man's merriment seemed likely to develop into dangerous passion for Mr. Beverley suddenly sprang to his feet and began to violently upbraid Madame, menacing her with uplifted hand and semi-articulate fury.

I fully expected to see one of our men spring from his hiding-place, for the generous wine had evidently lent the old man a temporary strength that made him more than a match for Mrs. Beverley. But Madame was evidently prepared for the outburst, for, with a swift movement, she swept the knives from the table out of his immediate reach, and then, evading her husband's uplifted arm, went to a cupboard near and brought out a violin.

The very sight of the instrument seemed to soothe him, and Mrs. Beverley at once began to play upon it. Sweet pathetic strains swelled, and sighed, and died away through the dismal vaulted place, for this terrible woman not only possessed a beautiful face, but was gifted with musical genius of a high degree. Gradually the madman became calm, his head drooped, and then, in a very few minutes, he lay back in his chair lulled to sleep.

Gradually the sound of the music ceased, and then the musician drew near and listened to the breathing of her husband. She made a few passes with her hands, and I knew that, by the aid of mesmerism, she was sending him into deeper slumber. When Mrs. Beverley was satisfied as to his unconsciousness, she stepped aside and softly called Sophie.

"I can bear it no longer," whispered Margaret.

"One moment," I answered, for I thought I saw a movement behind the screen which shielded Doctor Fairfax.

Sophie returned, carrying a large great-coat and wraps, and she and her mistress began to dress Mr. Beverley as if for a journey.

Suddenly, without a note of warning, a hand was laid upon the arm of Mrs. Beverley, from behind. Uttering a loud scream, she turned to face the Doctor and, over his shoulder, the dark face of Sir Duncan Drew. At the same moment, with a cry like that of some young wild animal suddenly sat at liberty, Margaret darted from my side.

What immediately followed I cannot say very distinctly. I am only conscious of blindly and hurriedly following Miss Beverely, with Miss Lucy behind us; of stumbling over many obstacles; of Margaret kneeling, sobbing by the old man's side, drawing his unconscious head to her breast and addressing him by the most endearing epithets; of Sir Duncan trying to console and calm the girl; and of Doctor Fairfax holding an infuriated woman, who was vainly endeavoring to free herself from his grip.

Sophie tried to escape, but I know that in her case I was of some use, for I managed to keep her back until, to my great relief, Lawson came to my assistance and captured her, for in another moment she would have swept me aside like a bull-rush.

Of the events that night there is comparatively little more to tell. At the insistence of Doctor Fairfax, Mrs. Beverley, after some demur on her part, was made to release her husband from the mesmeric influence under which she had placed him, and Sir Duncan and Lawson then conveyed the poor old man to a chamber prepared hastily by Margaret in the west wing.

Finding that resistance was useless, Mrs. Beverley and Sophie for a time maintained a dogged silence. Further search led to the discovery of a carriage and pair of horses waiting at a private entrance into the park which was often used by Mrs. Beverley, and the gate, for foot-passengers only, was not far from the spot where stood the clump of trees round the old elm.

There was no servant in attendance, but the animals were securely fastened to the railing. How the horses were to have been driven, and whither, transpired afterwards; and, to make the story clear at this point, it may be as well to pass at once to a few of the details finally obtained under pressure from Mrs. Beverley.

By threats of prosecution for conspiracy, forgery, and fraud, she was induced later on to make a full statement of her proceedings, and to agree to the conditions offered her, one of which stipulated that, after having made full confession, she should immediately leave England and show her face at Beverley no more.

Sophie also was to be allowed to depart on similar terms, for Margaret shrank from bringing public scandal on the family name. Madame wrote a concise statement, in which she admitted that she and Sophie had together planned and carried out the first fraud—Mr Beverley's supposed death at Cloville, substituting Sophie's dying husband for the master of Beverley. She had then brought the latter to England, and had at once placed him under medical care as her servant, husband of a favorite maid. After the lapse of a year, the doctor under whom he was placed had written to say that there was no need for further supervision in the case, and by that time she had found out the secret of the underground theatre, and determined to utilize it.

Mrs. Beverley had discovered in an old bureau a packet of letters—the love epistles of Dorothy Beverley, written by the actor Howard after her husband's death.

Through these Madame had discovered that there was an entrance to the subterranean rooms from the park, the trap-door being hidden by the trunk of the hollow tree; and also that another communication existed between the subterranean rooms and the apartment in the west wing formerly used by Dorothy Beverley.

This room Mrs. Beverley had chosen for her own, and, by her knowledge of its construction, she had been enabled to carry out her various schemes. She had very cleverly contrived the bringing back of her husband to Beverley when the medical man had declined to keep him any longer under his care, having arranged that he should arrive by the last train at night, in charge of an attendant from the asylum, at a small town some twenty miles distant, where he was not likely to be recognized. She had then, accompanied by her maid, started for a public entertainment in the neighborhood on the night in question, going thence by train.

Having met Mr. Beverley, his wife had sent Sophie, dressed as a coachman, to hire a carriage from some neighboring stables, promising that it should be brought back the following morning. Then they drove home, and at once took the old man—by this time sleeping soundly, from the effects of Mrs. Beverley's mesmeric influence—down to the rooms they had prepared. The servants had all been ordered to retire, and Sophie had fed and watered the hired horses. The maid then drove the carriage back, after which she changed her dress and returned to Beverley openly by train.

A similar plan had been arranged for his removal, which was to have taken place on the very night the secret was discovered, and might have been successfully carried out but for the accidents of Marthe's dream and Lawson's visit to Cloville. The former was the result of over-caution.

Mrs. Beverley herself had carried off the child. She and Sophie had been for some time on the look-out for an opportunity of making it appear that Margaret sought to injure the sister who had supplanted her, and, seeing her alone in the park, they had hastily arranged their plans.

The maid took the child out for a walk while Mrs. Beverley disguised her figure and dressed herself in an old skirt and shawl of Sophie's. She then made her way into the park by the entrance hidden by the elm, and, apparently gathering fire-wood, had waited about for any favorable chance that might occur.

Madame had subsequently returned with the child by the way which she had come, so that she really had disappeared among the clump of trees where Margaret had last seen her. Later in the night Sophie had taken her to Mrs. Brown's, carrying the child a distance of nearly three miles.

Mrs. Beverley admitted that her one object in this latter plot had been to throw discredit upon Margaret, and to force her away from Beverley. As Miss Beverley was the only person individually concerned in the discovery of a fraud from which she was one of the principal sufferers, her presence in the vicinity was a constant source of alarm, while she was also a serious obstacle in other respects. For Mrs. Beverley frankly owned of having set her heart upon a marriage with Sir Duncan Drew, that she might become the mistress of Drew Castle, and secure a leading position in the county.

Her story was found to be substantially correct. The principal of the private lunatic asylum to which Mr. Beverley had been consigned had been induced to again

agree to receive the patient by representations to the effect that he had become violent and dangerous. The patient's own declaration that he was John Beverley and a man of position had always been regarded as his pet hallucination. The principal of the asylum had fully believed him to be the husband of Mrs. Beverley's maid, and an old and valued servant.

That this man had found credulity advantageous we felt little doubt. He had evidently refrained from awkward investigations, although perhaps some feeling of suspicion and anxiety had induced him at one time to insist upon the removal of the patient. But he had once more consented to receive him, and had fallen in with Madame's wishes in sending an attendant to meet Mr. Beverley at the town she appointed, and convey him back to the asylum by the early morning train.

But he had once more consented to receive him, and had fallen in with Madame's wishes in sending an attendant to meet Mr. Beverley at the town she appointed, and convey him back to the asylum by the early morning train.

Mrs. Beverley and Sophie had evidently intended taking the poor man from the subterranean rooms by the park entrance, thence to the carriage. Sophie was a woman of extraordinary strength, and from the discovery of a bath-chair in the room adjoining the stage, I imagine that the arrangement had been made for Mr. Beverley's removal when in an unconscious state.

One or two further details were gathered from Sophie. The reason for using the stage as a kind of sitting-room was the fact that damp had found its way into the supper-room, rendering it uninhabitable, while the small room adjoining was required for a bed-chamber.

Marthe had been laid down in a stall in the proscenium, as the place where she was most likely to escape the notice of Mr. Beverley, who dreaded the dark expanse, into which he could never be induced to descend.

And here I may mention that it seems probable that the distant tones of the violin had really reached Marthe on previous occasions, as she was the only person, except Mrs. Beverley and Sophie, who slept in the west wing.

As to the entrance concealed by the hollow elm, when sought for, armed with the knowledge of its existence, it was easy enough to find. The mouth of it was of a size to readily admit a man, and a passage within led by gradual descent to the small room adjoining the theatre. It was hidden by a light covering of mould and a quantity of leaves and refuse.

I wished to know however how all this rubbish had been replaced after Mrs. Beverley's descent with Marthe. In searching for the child, of course every one had looked into the hollow tree, yet the trap-door had remained undiscovered.

Sophie explained that she had hurried back from the post-office and remained hidden among the trees until her mistress had safely carried out her project. The maid had then carefully re-covered the trap, made a slight circuit, and rejoined Margaret, as though newly-arrived on the scene.

There proved to be no need to remove Mr. Beverley to an asylum. It must be remembered that he was not really an old man, and the state into which he had fallen was chiefly due to the treatment he had received when in a condition of great physical weakness.

The constant recurrence of the mesmeric influence had gradually weakened his mental faculties. But, separated from his wife, his mind began to regain its strength, and Lawson waited upon him with constant devotion.

Margaret was nearly always at her father's side, and he accepted her presence with a quiet natural pleasure, as though their separation had been a dream, yet lingering with loving satisfaction upon their reunion.

Once more calm settled down on Beverley, and the winter passed and the advent of spring was noticeable, but still I remained its guest.

Mrs. Beverley and Sophie speedily passed out of our lives. Little Marthe became my frequent companion, while Clarice once more acted as her maid. If I were sometimes truly astonished at the child's undiminished powers of romancing, I was ready to forgive her much, remembering to what admirable purpose she had once told the truth. So much evil had entered into her young life, which it would need all Margaret's patient love and care to eradicate, that she was treated with the utmost indulgence. But Miss Beverley had other love awaiting her.

* * * * * *

As I write, I see Margaret coming across the park with Duncan Drew, and she looks up and waves her hand to me. But a third person has joined them, and I knew that I must conclude my task and go down.

For the last comer is Doctor Fairfax, and it is now a month since that he asked me if I would be content to make my home in Beverley. Well, I think I am the happiest woman in the world—not even excepting Margaret.

We shall walk together in the park for a little while, before the Doctor goes in to pay his daily visit to Mr. Beverley. We shall speak of the future that seems to lie before us in such bright tranquility—of the days when Beverley is to be left vacant for awhile, when Mr. Beverley and Margaret are to migrate. That day is not far distant, and then I too, am to find my home, for Margaret and I are to be married on the same day.

And along the terrace, walking slowly, came Mr. Beverley and Marthe. The old gentleman leans upon Lawson's arm, and I see Clarice in the distance. The child runs forward to meet the new-comers, and John advances towards Mr. Beverley. In a moment they all fall into a group, and laugh and talk unrestrainedly in the sweet air.

It is happiness to think that there is to be no separation in the future that seems so near. It was proposed to send Marthe to school for a time, but the idea has been overruled. There is room and to spare at Drew Castle, so Duncan Drew declares, for Mr. Beverley and the child, without encroachment on his own and his wife's privacy.

I know that Margaret loves him for saying it; but she does not mean that he shall suffer for his generosity. Marthe will grow daily more of a companion to her father, and by-and-bye he will be able to return to Beverley Hall with his younger daughter without feeling too sharply the blank of Margaret's absence.

My mother has already paid a visit to Beverley and is to return by-and-by. She and Miss Lucy are fast friends, and talk of starting an establishment together.

And now, dear friends, farewell! Wish us happiness in the future that holds so much on you and for us. The sunshine falls on the true kind face of Doctor John, and for Margaret's golden head and loving smile, as I write the word which hides us from your gaze for ever, and we retire into the little world which we inhabit beyond your ken. Farewell!

THE END.

Saved by Death.

BY T. L. E.

MISS DORMER made a charming, fair picture, as she stood leaning in a weary attitude. she did not often affect, and Mervyn Charlton coming quietly into the room between the portieres of amber velvet, thought that he never had done a wiser, a better deed than when, a week before, he had asked her to marry him and be mistress of his magnificent place.

She had sought an opportunity and slipped away from the dancers, eager to let the mask drop from her face, if only a moment—the mask of smiling content and happiness that it was expected she would wear, because she was young and fair, and devotedly waited upon by the richest man in her set, who could lavish every imaginable luxury and extravagance upon her.

Yet this fair girl, so favored of the gods had come away from the music, and the lights, and the gaiety, to this little retired place, where she could rest a moment and regain her ordinary calm hauteur, and make ready in words the decision she had no hesitation in admitting to her own heart—her decision to tell Mervyn Charlton that she should not marry him.

His heart-story was an ordinary one—a pitiful one; for pitiful romances are so common in every-day life, and Madoline Dormer was no exception.

She did not in the least care for Mervyn Charlton or his money, and she could not tell the time when she had not cared for Lionel Selwyn, who, as far as she knew, had never given her the second thought.

That was one of the thoughts that was hurting her so keenly and making her look so wistfully pitiful as Mervyn Charlton came towards her—that miserable knowledge that she had given her heart unasked, unwanted.

Then his pleasant voice startled her just a trifle, and she looked up with not the least welcome or gladness in her face that her suitor had come to the quiet little nook in quest of her.

And Mervyn, seeing the indifference on her face, felt a little hot quiver of anger all over him, and for a second compressed his lips under his moustache. Then he smiled, as he walked up near her.

"I saw you leave the dancing-room, Madoline, and I have been all impatience to follow you—indeed, I have been all impatience since I saw you a week ago, and you promised me happiness to-night."

She looked quickly at him, then a faint pallor overspread her face.

"I think you are mistaken, Mr. Charlton, that I promised anything definite, although it certainly will be for your happiness that I decline the honor you have offered me."

He smiled in a way that somehow made her blood chill.

"Then you will not allow me to be the judge of my happiness? You certainly take a commendably pleasant way of refusing me, Madoline; but I am a man who does not like to be disappointed. And I have set my heart on having you for my wife."

There was a patient resolution and incomprehensible exultation in his firm, quiet tones, that brought the warm color to her cheeks and made her lift her head in haughty questioning, as words in answer came almost hotly to her lips.

"My reply is most positive, Mr. Charlton. I—I do not love you, and to any ordinary man that reason would be sufficient."

"But I am not an ordinary man, and your reason is remarkably insufficient. I am perfectly aware you do not care for me; and I am also equally aware of your penchant for Mr. Selwyn.

He smiled as he saw the guilty flush surge to her proud face. Then he went on, quite matter-of-factly:

"But I love you, and that is sufficient reason for me. I have tried hard honestly to win you. I can give you the luxuries women like, and will envy. I have failed it seems, not so much because you don't care for me, as because you do care for—this Selwyn. I have failed, it seems, now. You have refused me, and yet, Miss Dormer, before I leave this room I intend to have received your promise to marry me."

She drew her lithe figure up in indignation, her blue eyes flashing withering scorn at him, her beautiful lips expressing a contempt that made him rage in his heart. Then a sudden, amused smile parted her lips.

"Indeed!"

He stepped nearer her—so near he could have touched her hot cheek with his lips. She simply drew her skirts away from him with her dainty, white-gloved hand and threw her head backward.

He saw the act, and if he had not known he was holding the trump card, he would scarcely have been able to have restrained an oath of fury.

As it was, he withdrew several steps, with marked, elaborate courtesy.

"I seem particularly unfortunate in incurring your displeasure. May I hope you will listen a moment longer, while I tell you why you will consent to marry me, for all you love Lionel Selwyn?"

The cool, resolute insolence in his tones was almost more than she could endure. But she simply looked straight in his bold, determined eyes, as she answered,—

"I suppose I shall be obliged to listen to anything you may dare to say to me, since I do not see fit to annoy my hostess by a scene. Proceed, Mr. Charlton."

She suffered a little taunting smile to come to her beautiful lips, as she leaned indifferently against the side of the tall chair, looking so exceedingly fair and sweet, so exceedingly unapproachable, that Charlton's pulses throbbed madly with passionate admiration, and fury at her icy coolness and contempt.

He guarded himself well, however, and his manner and tone were wonderfully quiet and convincing, as he went on, with a courtesy that curdled her blood as the force of his words began to tell on her,—

"A week ago, Miss Dormer, certain discrepancies came to light in the transactions of the bank of which, as you are aware, I hold one office, and your brother another. Those discrepancies have to-day been tracked to your brother's door, and only at my request, and through my influence, have they been kept from the public, and Ernest Dormer from arrest for embezzlement of funds amounting to thousands—through my influence until I could see you. Madoline, you can marry me, and I will save your brother—save your parents from a knowledge that will break their hearts—save him from disgrace and the jail. Madoline, if you do not marry me, you have the alternative. Your choice lies before you."

A sudden, ashen horror had come into her face as he spoke, that deepened into a rigid, paralyzing fear as his quiet, convincing words carried their weight of truth with them.

Then a quick look of disgusted rage at Charlton's power over her was on her face—then an expression of piteous desperation followed it—and he read every changing feeling she experienced as readily as though it had been printed in a book.

For a moment neither of them said a word. Then Madoline gave a low, gasping answer,—

"How can you? How dare you? I do not believe you—you cruel, cruel wretch!"

"Be careful of your words, please! You will promise, or not, to be my wife, as you please. I will give you abundant proof of what I have said. You may go to Mr. Dormer and ask him. I will give you just five minutes to decide. In one instance, everything will be all right; in the other, a warrant for Ernest Dormer's arrest shall be served on him before I sleep. That I swear!"

Such a horror of shrinking anguish surged hotly over her, such a pitiful, pitiful woe settled down in a very blackness of despair on her; and then, with music sounding joyously about her, and happy voices and gay, soft laughter coming tenderly to her senses, with her sweet face white as the white silk toilet she wore, this proud woman had to yield to fate; and for her mother's sake, her father's sake, her own name sake, she consented, with cold, trembling lips, to be Mervyn Charlton's wife; consented, tacitly, never never again to think of Lionel Selwyn, or happiness, or hope.

Before she slept that morning she learned from her brother the shame from which she was saving him; and before another day had ended, her cup of agony overflowed its brim, because there came a letter from Lionel Selwyn, in which he told her his love for her—in which he pleaded with a hopeful, eager passion, that satisfied her entirely; that would have made her the happiest woman on earth, if only—

There was but one thing to do—to go on with her sad load; but one thing to do—to be patient as she could, conscious that she had to do what was strictly right.

So the weeks went by, and, almost before she knew it her wedding day was at hand, that accursed day when, for her young life, the fires of hope should forever expire—the day which, when it came, brought belightedness to Mervyn Charlton's handsome face, and heart-sick pain to Lionel Selwyn's, whose entreaties had been so impotent to move the girl from her decision.

In the Dormer drawing-room the few guests were waiting for the bridal party. In the rooms above, Madoline, and her mother, and an intimate friend or so, were in readiness; and then, right in the very midst of the darkest blackness of hopelessness that ever threatened woman, came a sudden reprieve—so sudden, so awfully sudden, that when somebody rushed downstairs and told the waiting guests and the expectant bridegroom that the ceremony must be delayed on account of Mr. Ernest Dormer's sudden illness, it seemed to Madoline, at least, as, in her bridal dress and veil, she knelt beside the couch on which they laid her brother—this erring brother, for whom she was forbidding herself all human happiness—that fate was relenting at last.

And fate was relenting in a touching, pitiful way, but still relenting. For, while the wedding company were talking below in low, anxious whispers, and Mervyn Charlton was pacing excitedly to and fro, Ernest died, with his arm around her sister's neck.

Then there was a solemn, tearful consultation between the brave, grand girl, who never once hesitated to save her brother, and the white-haired old man of Heaven, who had come to marry the living, and had consigned a departing soul to its Maker and Judge; then a messenger was sent for Lionel Selwyn, and Madoline was married to him, and saved from Mervyn Charlton, whose rage, and jealousy, and disappointment, hot as they were, were less than the pride that forbade him publish to the world the means he had employed to secure his bride.

HER EYES.—Farmer Hodge (reading novelette): "I'm out of all patience with that Gladys Fitzallwyn in the story. the way she's abusing her beautiful eyes. She don't deserve to have none." "What's she been doing now?" asked Mrs. Hodge. "This book is full of it. First she threw her eyes up to the ceiling, and then let them drop on the floor; then she darted them down a long corridor and rested them on the cool waters of the lagoon. Then she must have called them back somehow, for it says she bathed them in sad, salt tears, wiped them, and swept them with long lashes. Once she was fool enough to rivet them on the dome, and when I left off, she was fixing them on a mantel."

FAITH.

BY S. J.

So soon forgotten! In thy tranquil sleeping
Would it not grieve thy faithful heart to know
Life's crowding duties leave no time for weeping,
E'en when our best and dearest lieth low?

A little while the pathway must seem dreary,
When change or death has veiled a dear one's face;
But youthful hearts of mourning soon grow weary,
And seek new friends to fill the vacant space.

A while it may be that our hearts endeavor
Their faith to keep, unaltered, to the dead;
But Love is vanquished by the Grave's stern "Never,"
And still the daily round remains to tread.

Yet in one heart the olden chimes are ringing;
O'er one sad life still Memory's sun-rays shine—
O happy thought that every day is bringing
The union nearer of her soul and thine!

Though in her ears thy name is never spoken,
Thy memory unprized by all beside,
Deep in her heart the troth remains unbroken
Till Death unites whom Life did not divide.

A Useful Present.

BY F. H.

"PATIENCE is stale—I am very weary of it!" Gladys, whose indignant remark had reference to a goodly pile of white blankets which lay on the table, turned with flushed face and eyes full of angry tears towards her lover. "I am not going to be patient any more, Rupert; I am aggravated past all bearing."

For a moment Rupert looked as irritated as she did, and then he gently patted her hand, saying—

"Never mind, dear—never mind."

"Blankets," cried Gladys tragically, "blankets—and she gave Ruthie a set of pearls, and Mona a superb lace fan; it is positively insulting, the way they all give us 'useful things'! Ru, you and I are going to be miserably poor. I know I ought to have married a millionaire and you a great heiress, but our friends need not thrust our poverty in our faces in this painful way.

"Aunt Daventry gives us blankets, aunt George kitchen-furniture. Uncle Robert's stair-carpets would be endurable if the design were less hideous; and the Chesters have sent us a refrigerator. Do they think there is never to be anything beautiful in our lives any more because we shall be poor?"

"Let us content ourselves with the certainty that our life is going to be altogether beautiful in spite of the poverty."

This consoled Gladys for the moment.

Gladys and her lover were a very handsome couple. They were both orphans, both of good family, both had expensive habits, and both of them were cultured.

When they made up their minds to marry each other, the friends of each had protested a great deal, advised a great deal, and consulted among themselves by the hour together as to whether they should consent to the marriage or not.

This was somewhat useless, as both the young people were of full age and quite determined on marrying each other in spite of any and every sort of opposition.

When however the warmer-hearted among the two families carried the day, and the engagement was formally sanctioned by all the persons who might be supposed to have any right to interfere in the matter, Gladys and Rupert Rayon were very glad, for it saved them from unnecessary quarreling. Besides, Gladys agreed with the practical observation of her special friend, May Moore—

"Every girl who is going to be married has a right to expect a few presents, you know, and it will be nice for you to have some pretty things given you, since you will never be able to buy any for yourselves."

The two families of relatives had however, agreed that a young couple who would have to live on a very small income ought not to be encouraged in a love of luxury.

Handsome plate would be of little use to people who would never be in a position to give dinners, and so would delicate jewelry to a wife who would never be able to wear gowns in keeping with it. They would give her sensible and useful presents, they decided—such as would stand wear and tear, and not look out of place in the third-rate establishment which was all the young people's means would enable them to keep up.

This was perhaps a reasonable resolve, but it pained and annoyed Gladys all the same. She was a proud sensitive girl, and she very bitterly resented being thus reminded of the poverty of herself and her lover.

She knew that all her relatives meant well, and was determined, since they had taken her engagement better than she had expected, to hurt no one's feelings by any show of dissatisfaction; but she considered she had a right to speak her mind to her lover.

A little later a parcel-van stopped at the door, and a large crate was brought into the room. Lightly tacked to the lid was a note. Gladys pulled it off and read aloud—

"Dear Gladys—I have been spending all the morning in tinners' stores, choosing you a wedding-present. It was a little difficult to decide as to what would please you, and it occurred to me that you would probably prefer something useful; so I send you a strong serviceable dinner-set, and have chosen a plain pattern that can be easily matched in case of breakages——"

Gladys read no more; she dropped the letter upon the table.

"Open the case, Ru!"

With a hammer and screw-driver the top was removed from the crate, and Rupert then pushed aside the straw packing and pulled out the dish nearest the top. Gladys gave one glance.

"Just as I expected," she said—"it is hideous!"

"No, not exactly hideous; the pattern is quiet, and it looks good. Besides, the giver meant well."

"They all mean well. That is what is so exasperating; they all mean so well, and act so aggravatingly! I know that I am an ungrateful creature; I ought to be very much obliged to her for considering probable breakages. Rupert, I should very much like to begin the breakages now!"

Rupert put the dish back into the crate, and covered it up with the straw.

"Ru," Gladys went on gloomily, "every time we use that set we shall be reminded of our grievances."

"No, we shall not; we shall be too busy thinking how nice it is to dine together."

Again the pleasant speech turned aside Gladys' anger. Her face was all smiles when, a moment later, her friend May Moore called with her little offering.

"It is only a trifle, Gladys darling," she said. "I did not quite know what to get; I thought perhaps you would like——"

"I shall like anything you give me, dear." Gladys interrupted quickly. She was eager to stop the hated words—"something useful."

"How sweet of you to say so!"—and May Moore laid her present—a book—on the table, and went on talking to Gladys and Rayon.

When she was going away, Gladys thanked her prettily for her present and her good wishes, and parted from her lovingly at the door.

"May is such a dear girl, Ru!" she said, on coming back into the room.

"We are so fond of each other, she and I! She is as poor as we are, so she understands. Let us see what the book is, Rupert—Morris' Poems, I expect; we were talking about Morris only the other day."

When Rupert saw that it was a handsomely-bound cookery-book, he shrank from reading the title aloud, and handed the book to Gladys that she might see for herself.

Gladys put it back upon the table without a word.

"Remember," said Rupert deprecatingly, "she is your friend, and you are very fond of her."

"Yes," responded Gladys doletully—"I am very fond of her. I thought she knew me thoroughly, and she gives me a cookery-book!"

The sorrowful scorn in her voice made Rupert laugh.

"It's too bad—upon my word it is! But, after all, a cookery-book is a very good think to have in the house."

"I dare say; so are Morris' Poems. You don't suppose I shall be able to cook because I have that book in the house, do you? I shall not, any more than I should have been able to write poetry if she had given me the poems. What is that?"

Another van had stopped at the door, and Gladys went to the window and looked gloomily out. Rupert followed her.

What they saw was a large sized mangle being laboriously dragged into the hall, and a few moments afterwards a servant brought Gladys the note that had accompanied it.

"Aunt Mary," said she, looking only at the signature. "Oh, Ru, it's too bad—much too bad! I didn't want any presents; I wish now that they had all refused to have anything to do with us, and sent us nothing. I wish we had been married quietly without telling any one about it. A mangle indeed! Does she think we are going to take in washing? Do they all want to frighten us out of our love for each other? Let us send everything back. Let us tell them we only want each other. Let us tell them they may have their plain dinner-sets and their blankets and their stair-carpets for themselves. We don't want their mangles, or their refrigerators, or their patronage, or their pity—their insulting pity! Let us write a note to each of them at once."

"Mr. Macnamara, miss!"

Mr. Macnamara, who immediately entered the room, was as Irish as his name, big, red-haired, not good-looking, but superlatively good-natured. He was a special friend of Gladys, and a warm admirer of her chosen lover. He was carrying a parcel.

"I have brought you a little present, Gladys," he said cheertully. "I don't know whether you will like it or not, but I think you will."

Laying his package upon the table, he removed the wrapper, and displayed an exceedingly ugly Indian image made of dirty-looking Indian silver, and set here and there with ill-cut stones.

It was distinctly hideous-looking, but exceedingly valuable; so much was apparent at the first glance. The price of it would have purchased many kitchen-tables and refrigerators and patent meat-safes, but it was very ugly and utterly useless.

Gladys looked from her lover to the gift and then to the donor, who, with a happy smile on his face, was saying placidly—

"I thought you would like it; I knew you were fond of queer things, and you will not easily find anything queerer than this old gentleman."

Before he had finished speaking, Gladys had flown across the room, and, seizing him excitedly by the hand, only just stopped short of kissing him.

"Terence, you are a darling, an angel, the most delightful person we know! We are awfully fond of you—aren't we, Ru? Was it not thoughttul, considerate, altogether good of him?"

Rupert crossed the room more slowly, but greeted Terence Macnamara quite as cordially as Gladys had done; yet he looked a little doubtfully at the silver idol.

"It is a charming gitt, Mac, and it will be a hard case if we have to refuse the first present that has given Gladys any pleasure; but that eccentric old gentleman there is certainly very valuable, and, if what I hear about you is true, you ought not to give it away."

"Is it that I'm going through the Court that you mean? That's true enough, but it needn't trouble you."

"You don't mean that we need not trouble because it will be your creditors' loss, not yours, do you?" said Rupert laughing. "That would be like the Irishman of fiction, but it would not be like you."

"Oh, my creditors won't grudge it, good fellows that they are!"

"What sort of man is this?" exclaimed Rupert dramatically "He calls his creditors good fellows."

"So they are," said Terence cheertully. "We're just in the same boat, they and I; and we are all very sorry for one another. It's just this way—they trusted me because I was my uncle's heir, and I got into debt because I was my uncle's heir; and now he's dead, and it turns out that there isn't anything to be heir to but a houseful of old furniture. They're disappointed and I'm disappointed—we're all disappointed together."

"Oh, Terence, I am so sorry for you!" said Gladys.

"Of course you are. A calamity that is big enough to touch the heart of a creditor is bound to bring me a whole fortune in the way of sympathy from you; but I didn't come here for sympathy—I came to congratulate you."

"That is good of you, Mac," said Rupert. "Most people seem to prefer condoling with us."

"What's that for now?" asked Terence, with a look of blank amazement. "Don't they know what is good any better than that?"

"No, they don't," replied Gladys. "They think our marriage is an unmixed evil; but we don't mind so long as we ourselves know better and have one friend to agree with us. But, Terence, about this dear present"—caressing the image lovingly as she spoke, thus showing clearly that it would disappoint her very much if she had to part with it—"ought we really to have it?"

"Bless your heart, yes, or I wouldn't have brought it! Didn't I say that the creditors were good fellow? When they had settled about the sale of the furniture and so on, they told me I could choose a few things in the house to keep in remembrance of my uncle, and I thought of your wedding, and so chose this because it was so queer and you like queer things."

"I do, Terry, I do, better than I can tell you! I like you giving me this better than I can say."

"Do you mean, Mac," Rupert said, "that out of all that was in your uncle's house you took nothing for yourself—you thought only of us?"

"And why shouldn't I now?" Terence asked cheertully. "Aren't you the dearest friends I have in the world, you and she? I didn't want any present; I'm not going to have a wedding. Perhaps, though, out of that great household of furniture, I might have found you something more——"

"Not useful," cried Gladys eagerly. "No, Terry, I should have hated anything useful. I am so sorry you are disappointed about your uncle having no money to leave you! But poor people can be very happy, as Ru and I mean to prove to all our friends. You will come and see us very often, Terry—mustn't he, Ru dear?"

The sale of the furniture, which was valuable, paid Terence Macnamara's creditors in full.

He found employment as agent for a coal merchant, and Rupert Rayon secured an appointment as under-manager for a newly-started but promising firm of wood importers.

Gladys' prophecy had been fulfilled—or at least, if she and her husband had not proved to all their friends how happy two poor people could be, they had proved it to each other.

They were very poor, however—much poorer than two people more experienced in poverty would have been on the same income.

They had grown poorer and poorer as the year went on, for they always lived a little in excess of their means. Gladys did her best, and no husband could have been more careful or more unselfish than Rupert. But she was inexperienced as a housekeeper.

So it came to pass that at the end of their first year of married life the Rayons found themselves in difficulties. The last quarter's money had been received, and all but a few dollars had been absorbed by forgotten bills.

There was next to no money left for carrying on housekeeping; the servant wanted her wages, Gladys and her husband both wanted boots and clothes, the washing-bill had not been paid for over two months, and, worst of all, the two inexperienced young people had completely forgotten that most important of household expenses, the rent.

They sat on opposite sides of the fire discussing the situation.

"What in the world are we to do?" said Gladys tragically,

"Suppose we tell the landlord frankly that we have no money, and that he must wait a little while?"

"We shall not have any more money, however long he waits," said Gladys gloomily. "Don't you see that if he waits six months there will be just double the rent to pay? It will go on multiplying."

"Could we not live more economically?"

"We must, for we haven't anything to live on; but I don't see how it is to be done. I really do my best, Ru!"

"Dear child," cried Rupert, coming quickly to her side and kissing her, "do you think I am foolish and unfair enough to think otherwise? Do you think I am idiot enough to blame you because I can't earn enough to make your home as luxurious as the home you gave up for my sake?"

All the gloom left Gladys' face. She passed her fingers through her husband's fair hair.

"Ah, dear, how glad I am that you did not wait to find that heiress!" she said.

They were both silent for a moment, then Ru said—

"Well, you know, something must be done."

"What?" "You would not like me to apply to my relatives or to yours?"

"No, Ru," she answered emphatically

—"no, except as a last resource. You know that they all 'told us so,' and they would tell us that they told us so."

"Well, dear"—with a relieved look—"I am glad you feel as I do as to that."

"Do you think Grant & Davis would give you a little money in advance if you told them you were in difficulties?"

"They would be much more likely to give me notice. Small firms, just started, do not like to have their under-managers in difficulties."

"We must obtain money somehow," said Gladys considering. "Ah, those useful wedding presents, Ru! If they had only given us something we could have done without! How grateful we should have been now for jewelry or plate! If aunt Daventry had only given me a set of pearls, we might have—taken it somewhere."

"So we might," Rupert laughed. "Some silver candlesticks or a little Crown Derby would have come very handy; but I can't slip down into Wardour street with a patent mangle concealed under my cloak, we can't spare our serviceable dinner set, and we are using the Witney blankets."

"As for the stair carpets," Gladys went on, "cheap art green felt would have looked much better, and, if the money given for that ugly Brussels stuff had only been spent on apostle spoons, how useful such a present would have been now!"

They both laughed again. Then, as it occurred to them that the landlord would not be likely to laugh the next day, when his rent was not forthcoming, they both looked despairingly round the room, and the glance of each fell at the same moment on the silver idol on the chimney piece.

"He is not useful.'

"No—and he is valuable."

"Terry's present."

"He will pay the rent."

"We are so fond of him!"

"We are in such difficulties!"

"Oh, but, Ru, what will Terry say the next time he comes?"

"He will say that we were quite right."

"Oh, but, Ru, I don't like the idea!"

"I hate the idea, but it seems the only practicable one."

"I suppose you are right. You see, if we dont pay our rent, the landlord may put in an execution, and then everything would have to go."

"I don't think he would do that, but there are others—the servant and the washerwoman, who are poor and must have their money."

Gladys rose slowly from her seat and fingered the image lovingly.

"The only wedding-present we cared for, Ru, given to us by the dearest friend we have. I wish Terry were not away in Ireland; it seems mean to do it in his absence; but we have no choice."

"I do not think we have."

"Do you think we can ever get it back?"

"I am afraid it is doubtful. We will try; but, you see, we shall never be any better off than we are now."

"Take it, dear," Gladys said sadly; "take it—we can't help ourselves!"

She removed the idol from the mantelpiece, and, being a very demonstrative girl, kissed it, a big tear dropping upon its head and trickling down its hideous face as she did so.

At that moment an itinerant musician with a cracked old cornet struck up "Rule, Britannia!" with such a frantic blare that Gladys started, screamed, and dropped the idol with a crash upon the floor.

Gladys, in unspeakable distress, looked across at her husband to express her regret, when she saw on his face a look of amazement that almost took away her breath.

"Rupert," she cried anxiously, "what is it?"

"Look!" said Rupert.

She turned her eyes to where the idol lay. A portion of the bottom of the pedestal had been knocked out by the fall, and through the opening thus made a little stream of flashing brilliant light was pouring.

"Oh, Ru, what does it mean—what is it?" she said.

"Diamonds, rubies, emeralds, priceless jewels!" Rupert answered.

"Hidden in the idol!" she said, still looking at them in amazement. "Jewels, wealth—countless wealth!"

There was a long pause; then she spoke again—

"Whose wealth, Ru—ours or Terry's?"

"In law, I do not know; in honor, Terence Macnamara's."

She did not speak. He rang the bell. The servant answered it.

"Go round at once to Mr. Macnamara's lodgings!" he said. "Ask if he has returned, and say that, if he has, we should be greatly obliged by his coming here at once."

After the servant had lett, Gladys dropped back into her chair, and the husband and wife sat silently looking at the immense wealth that lay before them, but which in honor was not theirs. Ru's words, "We shall never be any better off than we are now," flashed into his wife's mind; she glanced into his face to see if he remembered them—perhaps he did.

At last the door opened and Macnamara came in. Rupert rose with a great sigh of relief and held out his hand. Terence was wearing his traveling ulster, and had evidently come straight from the railway station.

"I am only just back," he said. "I met your servant coming away as I turned into my own street. What's wrong? Any bad luck to the fore?"

"No—good luck to you;" and they told him what had happened.

"Well, that's good now! You'll never be hard up any more," he said. "It seems I gave you a more useful present than I thought, Gladys."

"You gave me the idol," Gladys replied firmly, "not the stones. The stones are yours!"

"Ah, that's the way you look at it, is it? I might have expected it. I gave the whole lot to you; but, if you like to give me back a few of these"—picking up some of the stones—"I shall not be too proud to take them."

"I suppose," said Gladys, hesitating, "they don't belong to the Indian priests who hid them there?"

"Indian? They can't cut stones like that in India! These diamonds"—examining those he held in his hand—"have been cut in Antwerp, every one of them, and they are worth thousands."

"What does that mean?" asked Rupert.

"It means that they are not part and parcel of the old idol there, as I supposed at first, but my uncle's property, stored in his special hiding place.

"But never mind—if it is as I think, there will be enough wealth found yet to make these jewels, the whole of them; just a suitable present for my friend's wife. Hand me over the old fellow, Rupert!"

Breaking the bottom of the pedestal right off, he thrust his hand inside and drew out a large packet. They waited breathlessly while he opened it. It contained bonds of immense value and an exact statement of what money Terry's uncle had possessed and where it was invested.

The mystery of his having been able to make his nephew a handsome allowance and yet appear to leave nothing behind him was made clear, and Terence was a wealthy man now.

So was Rupert Rayon, for, in the circumstances, he had no hesitation in accepting the jewels, insisting only that Terry should retain enough to make as handsome a necklace for the future Mrs. Macnamara as that with which Mrs. Rayon was able to astonish her relatives and friends.

The greater part of the jewels he sold, buying with the proceeds a partnership in the firm of Grant & Davis—for he wished to have the money where he could look after it himself.

Under his energetic management the firm prospered, and he and his wife, on the high road to becoming millionaires, managed to be every bit as happy as they had been in the days of their poverty.

OF FINGER-RINGS.

The earliest example known of the possession of a ring by a bishop is that of Caius, Bishop of Rome from 283 to 296; when his tomb was opened in 1622, there were found therein three coins of Diocletain—in whose reign he suffered martyrdom—and also his ring.

Eusebius, Bishop of Rome, A. D. 310, is said to have borne the monogram of Christ on one side of the seal of his ring, and that of his own name on the other.

S. Augustine had a signet ring—a head in profile.

In a letter of Clovis, addressed to the Gallician bishops, about A. D. 511, the writer promises to recognize their letters as authentic provided they were signed with their rings. The seals probably bore their names or monograms.

The "fisherman's" ring is the pope's ring of investiture, and is placed on his finger immediately after his election. It derives its name from a representation of S. Peter in a fisherman's boat of ancient form.

After Pope Calixtus III. the ring of the fisherman was no longer used as the private seal of the popes, but was always attached to briefs.

At one time, so great was the extravagance among the clergy for rings, that Elfric, in his "canons," found it necessary to exhort the ecclesiastics "not to be proud with their rings."

Episcopal rings were usually set with sapphires, from a popular belief that this precious stone had the power of cooling love.

Another reason for the choice of the sapphire was that, besides its supposed sympathy with the heavens, mentioned by Solinus, and its connection with the god of day, Apollo, the violet color agrees with the vestments appropriated to the priestly office.

The twelve apostles were represented symbolically by certain precious stones, and these were called the "apostle" gems: Jasper, S. Peter; Chrysolite, S. Matthew; Sapphire, S. Andrew; Beryl, S. Thomas; Calcedony, S. James; Chrysophrase, S. Thaddeus; Emerald, S. John; Topaz, S. James the Less; Sardonyx, S. Philip; Hyacinth, S. Simeon; Cornelian, S. Bartholomew; Amethyst, S. Matthias.

Religious rings include those termed "decade," "reliquary," "pilgrims," etc., and in old wills they are frequently mentioned as heirlooms of great value. "Decade" ringshad ten projections round the hoop, and were used for repeating the Ave.

The most usual device on Christian rings is the monogram of Christ. Others, generally, are the ship, emblem of the church; the fish, emblem of Christ; the palm, symbol of martyrdom; the anchor, representing hope in immortality; the dove, peace; the stag, reminding the faithful of the pious aspiration of the Psalmist; the horse, emblem of strength in the faith; the hunted hare, of persecution. The peacock and phœnix stood for sighs of the resurrection; Christ the good pastor, etc.

In the middle ages signs of pagan mythology were used by Christians "in a concealed sense," and antique gems were often adopted for religious purposes. The triple Bacchic mask of the Roman stage was revered as the Trinity in person; every veiled female head passed for a Madonna or a Magdalene. Serapis was accepted as the authentic portrait of Christ. Cupids were made angels.

The custom of decorating the dead with their jewelry—which includes rings—has been traced to the earliest periods of the world's history.

In ancient times rings were burnt with the corpse. At the burial of Cæsar, among the tokens of grief exhibited by the Romans, women burned on his funeral pyre their personal ornaments, the robes and even the rings of their sons.

It was usual to bury sovereigns with their rings. The will of Richard II. directs that he should be buried with a ring, according to royal custom.

Bequests of rings are frequently mentioned in wills in the middle ages. One of the earliest on record is that two rings—one set with an emerald, the other with a ruby—were bequeathed to Henry III. by a bishop of Chichester. The gems were taken out to decorate the forehead of a statue of the Madonna at Westminster.

Shakespeare, in his will dated 1616, mentions a certain sum of money to be devoted to the purchasing of rings for his friends.

A very long catalogue might be added of bequests of rings of distinguished persons. Gloves, hat bands, scarves and rings were usually given at funerals in the eighteenth century.

The earliest example of a monogram on a ring—monogram meaning the compression of an entire name or word into the outline of a single letter written with one stroke of the pen as the compound term expresses—is the name of Antoninus. After the sixth century the fashion became universal.

Clemens tells us that the use of the ring in marriage began in Egypt, and signified a transfer of property. It gave to the Egyptian woman the power to issue commands in the name of her husband, and to act in every way as his representative.

The custom was adopted by the ancient Romans. Before the celebration of their nuptials, betrothals took place very much as they do now on many parts of the continent; at the conclusion of the feast, the bridegroom placed, as a pledge, on the fourth finger of the bride, a ring. The fourth finger was preferred from a belief that a nerve reached thence to the heart; the day was then fixed for the marriage.

The ring presented to the betrothed maiden was still, in the days of Pliny, an iron one. It indicated the mutual sacrifice of liberty; a loadstone was set in place of a gem, signifying the force of attraction which was drawing the maiden out of her own family into another. With the bridal ring formerly were delivered the keys of the house. Roman keys attached to rings so as to be worn on the fingers are well known to antiquarians. These are of brass and bronze, and of the size used by the Roman ladies, who were accustomed to carry their casket keys in this manner. A little more than a century later we find the base metal discarded for gold. Marriage rings were first used by Christians about the year 860.

Among the Anglo-Saxons the bridegroom gave a pledge, or "wed," at the betrothal ceremony. This "wed" included a ring, which was placed on the maiden's right hand, where it remained until, at the marriage, it was transferred to the left.

English women, at one time, wore the wedding-ring on the thumb; many portraits of ladies in Queen Elizabeth's days are so depicted.

In olden times rings made of rushes were used for immoral purposes. The abuse of the rush ring led to the practice being strictly prohibited. In France the practice prevailed much longer than in England.

Wedding-rings have been made of varied materials. Besides metals, we have an instance of a leather ring made on the spur of the moment out of a piece of kid cut from the bride's glove. As a substitute for the usual ring, the church key has been put into requisition.

Scientific and Useful.

Condiments and Digestion.—The introduction of mustard or pepper into the stomach of a rabbit caused the secretion of pancreatic juice to be trebled and even quadrupled. This accounts for the stimulating effects of these condiments upon digestion.

The Best Meal.—The principal meal of the busy, work-filled day, says a prominent doctor, should be eaten during the evening, when the nerves, muscles, and whole physical system need resting, strengthening, and stimulating after the day's demands upon them. Sleeplessness rarely troubles the healthy, cheerful person who has dined wisely and well at any time from seven to nine o'clock.

An Automatic Ticket-Seller.—An automatic appliance for the delivery of railway tickets, which, bids fair to hold a respectable place among similar devices, has been tried abroad. The machine works with absolute correctness, and dates as well as issues the tickets. It is particularly useful where a number of tickets has to be issued at fixed fares, such as for local passenger traffic.

Clothes of Paper.—Paper underclothing has a strange sound, but it is asserted that the Japanese have for a long time been making such garments from their finely crisped or grained paper, after the sheets have been pasted together at the edges so as to form large pieces. When the paper has been cut to pattern, the different parts are sewn together and hemmed, and the places where the buttonholes are to be formed are strengthened with calico and linen. The stuff is said to be very strong, and at the same time very flexible.

Farm and Garden.

To Keep Cut Flowers: Cut flowers will keep very fresh if a small pinch of common saltpetre is put in the water in which they stand. The ends of the stems should be cut off a little every day to keep open the absorbing pores.

The Cassava Plant: The cultivation of the cassava plant has been begun in the United States. It is a shrub from six to eight feet tall, and bears large tubers underground. These are first heated to drive off the poisonous acids and they are then made into tapioca and dextrine. It is said that the latter can be more easily manufactured from this plant than from corn.

Our only daughter had a severe Cough. It continued to grow worse for over a year. We thought she was going into consumption, and were very anxious about her. Ayne's Expectorant was recommended. After the first two doses we saw a change, and in a very little time she fully recovered. A. H. MASSEY, Shieldsville, Minn., Nov. 8, 1886.

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The Country's Charm.

This is the season of the year when the dwellers in towns hear the voice of the country come to them. Not only is the holiday-spirit upon us—the spending of the annual fortnight or month at the seaside or among the lakes and mountains—but the mind runs continually on the charms of a country cottage over a town house. Never does civilization wear a more repellent look or clothe itself in a more monstrous garb than when the thermometer begins to record a mean temperature of about eighty in the shade, and the almost vertical sunrays remind the townsman that kindly nature has planted natural parasols elsewhere, where he cannot benefit from them. Instinctively a child of nature, he keenly recalls his sonship, and bemoans the chain of circumstances that keeps him so long out of his birthright.

The handmaidens of civilization—theatres, concert-halls, lecture-rooms—which at times he woos so assiduously, cannot then so much as win a smile with all their wiles. The chirping of a sparrow in the solitary tree in the back-yard speaks to him of haunts remote from man where the birds sing from their hearts, and his mind, if not his tongue, babbles of green fields with all the fervor of a poet.

Truly the country is never more beneficent than it is at this season of the year. For those who have eyes to see and ears to hear it is always grand or delicate, majestic or soothing; but for the moment the townsman's love of it depends rather upon his escapes than his gains. He revels in the natural canopy that shelters him from the burning sun, though he may have no eye for the stately shape of his green tent or for the color of the surrounding landscape. He welcomes the river-bank or the brook-side because he has an instinctive knowledge that it imparts cool comfort; but his mind perhaps does not turn to the "books in the running brooks" which every student who wills may enjoy with constant satisfaction. Is he "ravished with the murmur of waters, the whisper of breezes, the singing of birds?" If not, he has not eyes to see and ears to hear, and the secret of the country is only half disclosed to him.

One cannot write convincingly in prose of the charms of the country. Poetry is the only medium, for Nature is poetry, and must speak in her own language. But the poetry need not be that of words. It is in the air. If you have any true perception of beauty, you breathe it into your spiritual lungs, and your whole being is alive with it. The mood, we confess, must be a transient one; its duration can only be comparative. Even poets are material at intervals—or should we say inspired at intervals?—and the most highly inspired drop naturally, as the story goes, into a discussion on the relative merits of well-done and underdone mutton. This perhaps is the reason why, as one is bound to believe, the townsman finds a more ecstatic pleasure in the country than he who is always nursed in Nature's arms. The countryman knows more of the country's secrets, perhaps his appreciation of her may be more intelligent and deeper, but it is also more diffused, and he is ignorant of the concentrated delight that contrasts give birth to. This is a rule of life.

And, while the shepherd may read the weather-signs, and the farmer prove the truest of prophets with regard to the crops, while the naturalist may single out the note of every bird and the coloring of every butterfly, and the poet may bring the breath of the sea and the rustling of the grasses into the four walls of your room by the depth of his thought and the music of his words, yet not one of them all will find his heart leap with joy like that of the liberated townsman who has been mewed up for eleven months within the narrow prison of civilization.

In what lies the attraction of the country for the average man and woman must always be a debatable point. For, as we have suggested, the average person has not a reasoning love of Nature. Of the town populations a vast majority live together by preference as well as necessity. The crowd loves the crowd, as may be seen from their choice of holiday-resorts. They look for their pleasures in the products of civilization. They seem incapable of taking their pleasures alone, which is, we think, the exact opposite of the characteristic of the nature-lover. They prefer the most vapid and commonplace of conversations with a fellow-being to that self-communion which a silent landscape above all other agents induces. Is it then a merely animal instinct which leads them to revel in their occasional incursions into the country? Is it simply that the ozone fills them with physical strength, that the grass is merely a bed to recline upon, the trees merely a shelter from the sun? We cannot think it is this alone.

There are none so poor in the higher attributes of humanity as to fail to drink in some inspiration from natural beauty. Few, surely, can lack the power to distinguish appreciatively between an arid plain and a well-wooded upland, between a flat swamp and a rugged mountain-chain! The majority may be incapable of expressing their sensations in words, many may be unable even to compare critically or to peer closely into the surrounding beauties, but at the lowest reckoning there must be some human instinct by means of which Nature's bounty fills the soul as well as the lungs, and fires the imagination while it soothes the body.

We must however leave it a matter of conjecture why this person or that, or why mankind in general, loves the country, contenting ourselves with the assurance that with few exceptions the fact is a true one. Nor is there any reason for seeking to analyze motives except that a knowledge of them helps to an understanding of other human characteristics. But for most of us it is not primarily a desire to revel in grand scenery or to commune with Nature which leads us, especially at this time of the year, to long for the delight of a country life. We are not unsociable and desirous of withdrawing altogether from the company of our fellow-men.

Indeed we should select our resting-place, if for a long stay, in a spot where we should look for agreeable companionship as one of the attractions of the place. Yet we do want some degree of freedom. We want moral as well as physical breathing-space. Never more than in summer heat does one recognize the stifling feeling of having humanity pressing on one from all sides. It is a time for partial solitude at least; but how can one obtain this in great cities? The world seems so full at this point. You cannot stretch out your arms without striking your neighbors, and men, women, and children seem figuratively to hang upon your arms and legs and to restrict your movements.

But in the country you have no room for sordid thoughts. You cannot think them. You are a sublimated being, a spiritual sharer of Heaven's glory, and you know then, what in grosser moments you are sometimes forced to doubt, that there is immortality, and that you are a partaker of it. Alas, it is only an emotion, and it vanishes with the turning of the head! But it is not a wasted emotion, for, obliterated as it seems by the rising of the next day's sun, it has left an impression, to be doubly revived when you are again "in the spirit." Truly the country has no richer benefit for us, no better medicine than the varying moods it engenders. Effective contrast no doubt renders one more impressionable, and the simple bucolic will draw less inspiration from meadows, trees, and sky than will the citizen from the neighboring town. But the weaker spiritual perception can never be inoculated against Nature's charms, and the man who has no sympathy with Nature is far more in outer darkness than "the man who hath no music in his soul."

To cultivate a love of natural beauty then is one way of keeping the soul "embalmed and pure;" and no loss can be much greater than that suffered by the man to whom Nature, in the words of a living poet, has refused "entrance to her audience-hall." Let us all listen with an attentive ear to the call of the country while its life is lusty and the year is in the fulness of its strength.

THIS was Emerson's advice to a daughter—"Finish every day, and be done with it. You have done what you could. Some blunders and absurdities no doubt crept in; forget them as soon as you can. To-morrow is a new day; begin it well and serenely, and earnestly, and with too high a spirit to be cumbered with your old nonsense. This day is all that is good and fair. It is too dear, with its hopes and invitations, to waste a moment on the yesterdays."

EDUCATION to-day means more than the past revealed to us. It means life in its fulness, body, mind, soul developed, so that they do not only know, but can use and observe; no committing to memory for the sake of repeating and following, but the gaining, so that the individual will know how to think and act in strong independent fashion.

WITHOUT earnestness no man is ever great or does really great things. He may be the cleverest of men, brilliant, entertaining, but he will want weight. No soul-moving picture was ever painted that had not in it the depths of shadow.

THE smaller cares and annoyances of life are recognized as evils, to be either remedied or endured; but the weakness which sinks under them into a languid useless despair does not win sympathy, even from the most compassionate.

FLOWERS and fruit never expand in sudden movements—their growth is continuous. So one's character can never develop suddenly—it must attain ripeness and maturity slowly and steadily, like the bud.

Correspondence.

SUSY.—An engaged young lady, if she respects herself and is really attached to her fiance, will not encourage the attentions of others who pay her compliments and seek to engross her society to the annoyance of the one who should be the one "god of her idolatry." Flirtations of the kind referred to often results in serious estrangement.

B. B.—1. Bridal presents are sent from one to two weeks previous to the day of the marriage ceremony. They are always sent to the bride, and are most commonly some article of jewelry or plate, although there is no law in regard to this matter. 2. The lady should acknowledge the receipt of the present immediately, with sincere, yet not too extravagant thanks. 3. In sending a present in the manner described, enclose a short note expressing your pleasure in hearing of the coming event, and the hope that her married life may be a blissful one.

PUZZLED.—The custom of celebrating gold and silver weddings belongs to Germany. The silver wedding occurred only on the twenty-fifth anniversary, and most people could celebrate that; but to be fifty years married was a sort of an event in a family. The house was quite covered with garlands, all the neighbors from far and near were assembled, the ancient pair, dressed in their wedding dresses, walked in procession, with music, to the church, and the priest married them over again, and preached a pathetic sermon. There was a dinner, too, and dancing and singing; and in the evening there was no end to the noise and shouting when they drove off together for the second time as bride and bridegroom.

G. M. E.—1. In France an engagement is an affair of negotiation and business. As soon as a young girl graduates from school her parents look out for a suitable husband for her, and, as a rule, their will is hers. If she has no positive dislike to the gentleman, she acquiesces, and the marriage contract is then duly signed. In very few cases, if at all, are engaged couples left alone, and they usually go to the altar with scarcely more than a few weeks' acquaintance. Said a young French lady to her friends: "I am glad we are to take a journey; I shall thus get a chance to know something about my husband before we return to society; at present he is quite a stranger to me." 2. French parents think it very indiscreet to allow the affections of a girl to be much interested before marriage, lest the engagement for some reason or other be broken off.

BETA.—To preserve the color of flowers when drying the greatest care is required in changing the papers every second day, and these should always be well dried at the fire. In keeping the shape of the flowers thus preserved the utmost care and attention is necessary when arranging them on the papers. This can be done by having another piece of paper and gently laying it on part of the flower, upon which a small book should then be placed. Then lay out the other leaves in the same manner, until each part has had the gentle pressure necessary to keep it in position. Let them remain in this position for a short time, and then place a heavy weight on them. Look at them the next day, and change the damp paper. In the course of three or four days the flowers thus treated should be taken out and placed in fresh paper, with three or four sheets between every two plants, and the weights again placed upon them. This process must be continued until the specimens are completely dried. Each of them must be placed on a sheet of dry paper, upon which should be written a memorandum of the name of the plant, the place and time at which it was gathered, the character of the soil from which it was taken, and any other particulars of interest connected therewith.

T. R. C.—In 1852 an "Eastern Steam Navigation Co." was formed in England, the object of which was to maintain an ocean steam route to the East around the Cape of Good Hope. The following year the directors came to the conclusion that, owing to the cost of maintaining coaling stations on the way, such a route could not be made to pay, unless the ship could carry enough coal to last the round trip, besides a large number of passengers and a great cargo. Acting upon the idea, they employed an eminent marine architect and builder to make a plan of such a vessel, which resulted in the building of the Great Eastern. She was launched in 1858, and the directors determined on a trial trip across the Atlantic, the ship leaving the Thames September 8, 1859. Off Hastings, an explosion of some of her steam-pipes took place, resulting in the death of seven persons, besides the wounding of many others, and the voyage came to an end. After a winter and spring spent in costly repairs, the ship started again, leaving Southampton June 17, 1860. She crossed the Atlantic in 11 days, arriving in New York harbor on the 28th. During the remainder of 1860 and the greater part of 1861 she made several trips between the two countries, at a great loss of money, on account of the insufficiency of receipts to meet the necessary expenses. In 1864 she did good service in laying cables across the Atlantic, in the Mediterranean, in the Red Sea and other places. She has since been sold and broken up.

TIME.

BY S. W. F.

He sits above the ruin that is his,
Making his mock at love, life, faith and fame,
At Winter's gloom and Summer's gladsomeness.
Man's toiling and the gods that flout his name.
He laughs and makes a mock of all that is,
Knowing the end of all to be the same.
He graves his mark where they that run may read,
Who, reading, pass along and no more heed.
He hears the song faint ere the singer sing.
He sees sick Autumn in the bloom of Spring:
The sapling felled, the dead flower in the seed
Old age in youth, and death in everything.
He is old Time, the mocking, weary one,
The old, old god, whose days are never done.

His Enemy.

BY E. E. K.

A WHOLE party of us were down at Carlord Hall for the season. Jemmy, short for Jessamine, Bryant, liked to have a houseful at that season, and her brother Edward was obliging enough to like whatever she did.

Accordingly there were; "fellow students" or "men," as Jemmy pleased to call us, to the mildly expressed alarm of Mrs. Whitney, the placid aunt, who sat by the fire with her inevitable knitting and surveyed us with mingled deprecation and benevolence.

We numbered ten, including the Bryants and Auntie, as we called Mrs. Whitney, though two of the party counted for absolutely nothing except at meal-times, being a new married couple who had eyes and ears only for themselves.

These were George and Kate Bellamy; they claimed cousinship with the Bryants in some way or other. So did Kit Warriston, a wandering star of some magnitude who had turned up quite unexpectedly, to the very great joy of his host and hostess and equal disgust of Dick Morris, another of us.

Dick was strong on photography, the art dearest of all things at the time being to Jemmy Bryant, while Jemmy was on her part dearest of all things to Dick; he did not want Kit to intervene.

Then there was Grace Burns and Herbert Grant, both of whom were artists, or passed for such. Lastly there was myself, Allen Coulson, who perhaps deserved the nickname of Jack-of-all-trades as much as dear old Jemmy herself.

I had the misfortune to be born to an income sufficient to live upon; a terrible stumbling-block in the way of rising to either wealth or fame. As I was secure from starvation or real discomfort, I had been able to take up painting, like Herbert Grant, and drop it when cause arose; literature, like Kit Warriston, also to drop it; chemistry, like Edward Bryant, with whom I sometimes practised it still.

At the present time I and all my acquaintances mocked more or less gaily at "The Great Book of Cookery," the compilation of which was to be the employment and the crowning glory of my life.

In vain my friends moaned over my misapplied talent, in vain they asked what could I know of cookery beyond the general result as it appeared on the dinner-table. Where, I retorted, was evidence of any especial talent? What was chemistry, and what was cookery, if a study of one science did not lead to excellence in the other? And if one desired to be loved and esteemed by all his fellow creatures, was it not written of old time that the road to the heart lay through the heart?

Whereupon, with a shrug of the shoulders or an impatient exclamation, one by one they left me to my own devices; only Jemmy laid a kindly hand on my shoulder, and asked me in a friendly fashion if I was sure that I had not been crossed in love?

Dear old Jemmy in spite of her hankerings after the advanced had a good deal of sentimentality about her.

What with chemistry, painting, photography, and cooking, the Hall was filled with smells that were simply beyond the reach of language.

It would have been bad enough if we had confined ourselves to the ordinary process, but unfortunately we were one and all geniuses, great souls who aspired to experiment and discover for ourselves. The consequences were indescribable.

"Men!" murmured our gentle and long-suffering Auntie. "I think it would be more appropriate if you called them children, Jemmy. I did think, Allen, that you would be more steady and reasonable."

"My dear lady," I made reply. "You do not seem to grasp the situation. Do not you feel with me that the real effectual and irreproachable leaven remains yet to be discovered? Is any one of the baking powders now before the public in any way a perfect substitute for brewers' yeast, as brewers' yeast ought to be? Then if your nephew and I spend a morning, aye, or a week of mornings, in the search after this divine secret, are we not to be commended rather than blamed, and ought you by-standers to object to being a little bit poisoned by smells, considering that we are working and you are enduring for the benefit of the whole human race?"

"Anybody could tell that you had tried your hand at literature," remarked Jemmy. "I thought you and Kit might have taken to one another seeing that you are both in that line, but you seem to be more by way of glowering upon each other from a respectful distance."

"Two of a trade, Jemmy. What could you expect?"

"You and I get on very well, and you and Ted get on very well, and we are just as much of a trade with you as Kit is."

"You do not expect a great gun like Christopher Warriston to chum up with a scribbler like me, Jemmy?"

"I don't know what to make of Kit," said Jemmy perplexedly. "He is not half so jolly as he used to be, and Dick Morris and you both seem to give him the cold shoulder. It don't exactly improve things.

"Jealousy, Jemmy; jealousy. Dick is as bad as I am, from a different cause. Don't heed us."

"Jemmy!" cried her brother, in tones of excitement. "Oh, there you are. I wish you would come here for minute. This is the queerest thing."

It was decidedly a very queer thing. Morris had been busy photographing the different rooms and staircases and corridors in the Hall, in a dozen new and experimental fashions, as goes without saying, and the experiments had produced no startling results till he got to The Lady's Chamber—a fact that surprised no one, unless it was himself.

But what we were called to look at was a photograph of the oriel window in The Lady's Chamber, and here was what no one could have expected.

The presentment of the room was faithful enough; the carving, the moulding, the panelled walls; but shrinking back from the window, to the frame of which she clung with one fiercely clutching hand, was the figure of a woman, most assuredly not present to Morris' bodily eye when he took the photograph. It was no trick on his part; we could see that he was genuinely startled, and even alarmed, at this unexpected addition to his picture.

It had not been there at first he affirmed, there had been nothing but the representation of the room when he had put the negative into the bath, but every copy that he had printed off bore this mysterious figure.

"It's queer," said Jemmy, dropping the copy that she had been examining, and looking questioningly at her brother.

"Unaccountable," he returned uneasily. "I don't see how anyone can have been playing a trick, but it—well, it is queer."

"Reminds me of that thing of Doré's, the Lady Jane Grey. You know, Mr. Grant?" remarked Grace Burns.

These two were most careful to avoid addressing one another by their Christian names, as it was the fashion for the rest of us to do. Jemmy said the fact was significant.

"The attitude is the same," he replied, "but in a photograph you lose that extraordinary look of boldness, the terrible physical anguish, that you get at in painting. It is wonderfully fine, Morris, however you came by it."

"I don't understand it," said Dick irritably, rubbing his hair up in the distracted way that he affected when things went wrong with him. "How on earth can the thing have got there if nobody has played a trick? And whatever you artists have seen, I never saw anything like it before."

"Wish I never had," said Ted Bryant, under his breath. "Kit, what do you think of this by way of a surprise?"

Kit had just entered the room. He strolled across and picked up the photograph indifferently enough.

The instant his eye lighted on it his countenance changed. Wrath and fear showed themselves unmistakably on it.

"Where did you get the infernal thing?" he thundered, and then pulled himself up, looking ashamed of his vehemence.

"So you recognized her?" said Ted curiously. "It is so long since we showed her to you that you might have forgotten her. How do you account for it? Of course the painting is in the room, the same as it always was, but Dick could not photograph through a two-inch plank."

"Oh, The Lady, is it?" exclaimed Kit, with obvious relief. "I was startled; I thought for the minute it was—something else."

He picked up the paper again, looked at it long and intently, glanced up, and met my gaze fixed on him. He returned the gaze deliberately and inimically.

His eyes said plainly enough: "So you see it too?" though no word passed his lips.

"Who is The Lady?" asked Grace Burns.

"The family bugbear," replied Jemmy, shortly. "Most unpleasant person—haunts the Chamber."

"What fun!" simpered Kate Bellamy. "Did you ever see her?"

Nobody answered the question.

"If you want to know about her, Garce," said Ted, in answer to a former question, "I have no doubt that Auntie will give you her history. I have heard it from her more than once."

Dinner intervened, but when that was over Auntie agreed to satisfy Grace's curiosity with regard to the number of the Bryant family who was always spoken of as The Lady, and though Ted endeavored to secure an opponent at a game of billiards, the rest of us evinced an inclination to be hearers of the story also.

"It's not much of a story, my dears," said the kindly old lady, resting her knitting in her lap for a minute, while she looked round upon us rather sadly. "We do not know much about her except that she was very handsome and very wicked. She lived in the early days of the Georges, and she liked another man better than she did her husband. The other man was secretary and house-steward and right-hand man altogether to the husband, so that he and The Lady could be together as much as they pleased.

"The husband was a good deal away; he was not more straitlaced than it was the fashion to be in those days, and The Lady was not quite without provocation. Not that that was any justification, my dears," said she, interrupting the thread of her discourse to impress a moral upon her hearers.

"The wrong-doing went on for a long time; she was seventeen when she married and eight-and-twenty when retribution came. She had been faithful to her husband one year out of that. Then something must have happened to exasperate him, for he suddenly broke out into threatenings, and wrote home from town of what he should do on his return if he found the steward still at the Hall. That exasperated the steward; he did not threaten, and he did not leave the Hall, but he laid his plans, and The Lady knew what they were.

"On the day that her husband was to return, the lady was up at her oriel window watching for him; not out of love, but hate. The steward was on the lookout down below. He had gathered together six or seven as wicked as himself, who were to prevent the knight's followers from entering the courtyard immediately after their master. A pair of mastiffs, savage with hunger, were to be slipped upon him as soon as he rode through the gate, and the steward was ready with his pistols.

"The Lady from the window saw the play begin. The men outside made a false attack on the band of servants just as their master rode in; the mastiffs were slipped—it was all to pass as an accident, you know—and the steward was ready to fire and kill the man and not the brutes that attacked him; when something that they had not foreseen happened.

"The Lady had one son, who was after all the dearest thing she had in the world; she best knew who was his father; the boy had always looked on her husband as such, and loved nobody so dearly. When he knew his father was home he ran out to meet him, and crossed the path of the furious dogs. They set upon him, for how should they know who was meant to be their victim? and the Lady saw the man she called her lover level his pistol, not at the brutes that were tearing her child limb from limb, but at the husband who had rushed to the rescue. The pistol missed fire, but the child could not be saved. The screams of the child and the sound of the shot brought the rest of the servants out of the house, and at their master's word they seized the steward. The Lady watched spellbound from her window.

"The two men glared furiously upon each other, and curses cold and cruel flew between them across the mangled body of the gallant boy. The knight bade his servants hold forth the traitor's hands, and with one cut of his sword he severed them from his arms and cast them scoffingly to the hounds.

"Then he thrust the man, maimed and bleeding, out at the gate, and then the lady fell back from the window, to which she had been clinging, and she never had her wits again."

All unconsciously Auntie's language had altered as she proceeded with her tale, and we should not have failed to notice how unnaturally her sentences fell from her lips if we had been less struck with the ghastliness of her conclusion.

Kit Warriston stood by the mantelpiece with his face in the shadow, but I could see the firm set of his mouth and the angry bend of the brows.

"And she haunts the room still?" he said sharply, as the story ended.

"So they say. But Ted's grandfather had a panel made to fit over her painting above the fireplace, and nobody now ever sleeps in the room, and between the two she has been seldom seen of late. They say that she never did show herself to any, either man or woman, who had no wrong-doing on his conscience; anyone else might safely sleep in the Chamber."

"A very limited number to be exempt," quoth Kit, cynically. "I wonder how many amongst us would venture to face the ordeal?"

His glance wandered round the group of us, gathered in comfortable attitudes about the wide hearth, and there was a half smile on his lips as he read a distinct reluctance to respond to his suggestion.

No one seemed eager to spend a night in the haunted Chamber, whether from consciousness of a burdened conscience or from simple disinclination. His glance traveled at last to me, and rested upon me with an expression that somehow put me upon my mettle.

"I don't know that I am more partial to ghosts than other people are," I said, with a distinct feeling of defiance, "but I will sleep in the Chamber to-night and see what happens."

"Nonsense!" cried Jemmy. "I won't allow it. Ted, you must not let Allen do such a foolhardy thing. One does not know what might happen, ghosts or no ghosts."

"Such as catching one's death of cold," suggested Grant.

"Allen is your guest, not mine," said Edward Bryant, who appeared a little ruffled by the general course of things. "I do not see that I can interfere. I had rather it was not done, all the same."

"Why should not we all pass the night in the room together?" asked Morris. "I daresay the actual sleeping is no great point. We could squat round the hearth and be ready for anything that did appear, and there should be no great peril to such a goodly company."

"No thank you! If I spend the night there I spend it alone. I should be grateful to you though, Jemmy, if you would let me have a fire; the room is not likely to be sultry."

"Of course there must be a fire! But you can't be so obstinate as to stick to it. Somebody ought to prevent it. Kit! it was you who started it. You know what tales we have heard about the Chamber, and that our objection is not mere nonsense. Can't you say something to put Allen off the mind?"

Kit Warriston shrugged his shoulders.

"I decline to accept any responsibility in the matter. A remonstrance from me would be scarcely likely to prevail when your words were unheard. And we were told at the start that there is no risk to anyone with a clear conscience. Everyone best knows the state of his own conscience."

"You are a brute, Kit!" cried Jemmy angrily, and Morris's eyes sparkled with gratification.

"Drop the subject," said Edward. "We have had enough of it. You had better atone for your unfortunate suggestion, Kit, by telling us something fresh and startling out of your last adventures. Just to put some more wholesome ideas into our heads."

Ideas he put into our heads assuredly, but one may question as to the wholesomeness. One uncanny story after another he related, in a way to make the very flesh creep. Finally he got upon the subject of burial; he talked of the Parsee Towers of Silence, the aborigines of Ceylon with their eccentric habit of dispensing with burial altogether, the wholesale burial of those slain in battle.

He had once assisted some troops in the hasty interment of the Arabs killed in an engagement in Egypt. A trench was dug and the bodies flung in with the haste made necessary by the rapid approach of night.

Thoroughly worn out by the time that

the labor was completed, he had wandered a few paces from the spot where he had been at work, and flung himself down to sleep. Just before sunrise he awoke and caught with sleepy curiosity at a thin dark object that stood up from the ground beside him. A thrill of horror went through him as he felt cold, and clammy, and dead in his hold. It was the arm of an Arab too carelessly covered in the hurry of the night before. For months after he had wakened at night with the feeling that he was clutched and held by that cold, dark, skinny hand.

"Nice cheerful stories, certainly," commented Edward in my ear. "You won't tackle The Lady to-night after that, surely Allen?"

"I am quite serious in my intention," I answered. "If there are no such things as ghosts there is nothing to be alarmed about. And even if there are ghosts; you do not pay a compliment to the purity of my conscience in trying to alarm me."

"There are few of us who have not some weight upon our consciences."

"That is true; but the heaviest on mine is a mistake, and not a sin. Depend upon it, Ted, we are all more sharply punished in this life for our mistakes than for our crimes. I made my mistake, and it was final; I was allowed no after place of repentance, 'though I sought it carefully and with tears.'"

Ted turned with surprise at the bitterness of my words. Like everybody else he knew me only as a light-hearted scoffer at the pains and woes of this life. Auntie looked round with a mild reproof for my use of the words of Scripture, and Warriston's eyes were fixed on me with a question in them; a question that I avoided. What was it to me that he should pass judgment, just or unjust, upon me?

Possibly Jemmy's words had touched him after all, for he approached me and addressed me directly later on in the evening.

"I hope that you will not suffer an ill-considered word of mine to drive you into a course that you may regret. There is no reason why you should hold yourself bound by what you have said.

"Both your host and hostess would be greatly relieved by your withdrawing from your proposal, and you do not know what grounds they have for their objection."

"I do not care to withdraw from my word," I answered coldly. 'I have nothing to fear, and if harm befell me, there is no one to be greatly concerned at it. They are about to uncover the painting, that I may know what company I pass the night with. Do you care to be of the party to witness the unveiling."

They removed the panel that concealed the painting, and there hung The Lady, strangely enough in altogether a different attitude from that of Morris' photograph.

Her face still wore the terrible fear-stricken expression and appearance of absolute bloodlessness that we had spoken of, for the portrait was said to have been painted after the awful events that Auntie had related to us, but she stood here leaning against a chair with her hands loosely knotted before her. I had secured one of the photographs and when I was left to myself I stirred the fire to a brilliant blaze, lit every candle in the room, and knelt down before the painting to compare it in all its details with the mysterious photograph.

I studied them till I knew every feature and every line of the face and form by heart. Then with utter unwillingness I took from my pocket a thin parcel that I had brought from my despatch-box. It was years since I had looked at its contents.

A painting this, and a painting done by a master's hand. A woman stood at the head of a staircase, shrinking away from the baluster that she clutched, in The Lady's very attitude, sick and faint, as you could see with fear and terror.

No wonder that in the first shock of seeing it, I had taken Morris' picture for this. It was The Lady's very attitude, but—thank God! ah, thank God!—it was not The Lady's face, and in the face there was only fear, not vice and cruelty—terror, not horror.

I laid it down with a sigh of relief, took it up again and again to reassure myself, and fell to wondering how Christopher Warriston came to know this picture, of which I believed that I possessed the only copy.

It was undoubtedly the "something else" of which he had spoken, there could not be a fourth in this series of coincidences: it was marvellous enough that their should be these three.

Long I sat there, a prey to many troubled fancies, but no sound came to disturb me beyond the dropping of a coal from the hearth, no sight beyond the flashing and the waning of the flame, until indeed I stretched myself on the couch and gave myself to sleep.

Then sights and sounds innumerable, and full of horror, overcame me. Again and again I saw the story of The Lady enacted; I looked with her from the oriel window, and ever as I would have rushed to warn the husband of the trap prepared for him, or rescue the child from the fierce hounds, a lean, dark hand held me back with a grip like iron, and when I turned to see the Arab's face, it wore the likeness of Kit Warriston, fierce with menace and stony with misjudgment.

Or the scene varied. It was the woman on the stairs who was in the power of the mastiffs, and it was Warriston who would have flown to the rescue, and was restrained by that same inexorable arm.

Or again it varied; Warriston was in peril, an avalanche rolled down upon the narrow mountain path that he was treading, and the terrible hand held him in its deadly grasp straight in the course of the oncoming mass.

In every scene of that night the arm pursued me, and would not let me escape from a certain and fearful judgment that overhung me.

Before it was yet daylight the church bells aroused me, and I woke with relief from sleep that had not been rest.

The servant had just called me when the Bryants simultaneously knocked at my door to ask if I was alive, and if anything awful had befallen me, and I gave them a cheerful answer that belied my feelings.

Stepping out of the room, I saw some object glitter on the mat in the doorway, and stooping, picked up a pencil-case that I recognized as belonging to Kit Warriston. I smiled grimly as it flashed across me that he had been less callous than he appeared, and had passed the night on my door-mat, to be ready to protect me against a possible peril that he would himself have provoked.

He flushed a dusky red when I restored the pencil to him, without mentioning where I had found it, and put it hastily into his pocket. Not so quickly, however, as to avoid Jemmy's notice.

"I say!" she cried, with malice in her voice. "Kit is blushing! He really is! Now, Kit, tell us the history of that remarkable pencil!"

"A woman gave it to me years ago," he answered with a sternness that would have alarmed anyone less audacious than Jemmy. "I am used to it. I do not wish to lose it."

"Love token, perhaps," murmured Dick Morris, just loud enough to bring upon himself a murderous glance from Warriston.

We seemed to be beginning the day in anything but a spirit of peace and good-will, and matters looked but little more encouraging when, on starting for church, we discovered that Jemmy and Warriston had marched off far ahead of the rest of us.

Morris strolled alongside of me, looking intensely sulky.

"Those two have gone and patched it up between them," he said, jerking his thumb in the direction of Grace and Herbert. "I heard them Christian-naming one another in the porch before we started."

"Well, that's nothing to look glum about. Let the poor young fools fancy themselves in Paradise if they can. Who objects?" quoth I.

"I don't know if it is altogether to Ted's mind. Something has gone wrong with his machinery this morning."

"All your fancy, Dick. Ted is not in love with Grace, any more than he is with—Kate Bellamy, for instance."

"Allen," continued Dick, in a lower voice, "you are awfully wise about those things. Do you think there is anything between those two? or likely to be?"

He nodded in the direction of his goddess, and I felt my voice change as I answered him.

"You need not vex your soul over that, Dick. Kit Warriston is not a marrying man; he can't make love to Jemmy, and—Heaven help the woman that falls in love with Kit Warriston!"

I spoke with a fervor that I did not intend to exhibit, and Dick turned round and stared at me.

"What do you know about him?" he asked, amazed.

"This much, that he does not stand in the way between you and Jemmy. If you want to win her, go in boldly and say so."

"A poor beggar like me?"

"Why not? Jemmy does not care a hang about poverty, or about what the world says. Did not she come up to study and lodge amongst us? A queer set; men and girls mixed up with no regard to your petty conventionalities; and did she not enjoy our queer ways and our rough living? Jemmy knows a man when she see one, and won't be apt to concern herself about his coat."

"I wonder if you know that, Allen, or only think it may be?"

"Have a shot at Jemmy after church, and you will see."

"And if I fail I shall have to be off to-morrow," he said ruefully.

"Screw your courage, etc., Dick. It is that must be off to-morrow, not you."

This sudden resolve to depart was born of yesterday's events and last night's reflections, and was the something that had gone wrong with Ted Bryant's machinery.

He did not like the premature break-up of the party, but I felt in no mind to remain longer under the same roof with Kit Warriston. Conscience might not trouble me, but his presence did.

At least I did one good deed that day, whatever my misdoings might be. Dick's beaming countenance when he and Jemmy came in, very considerably after morning service, told me that. He and she were happy, and Grace and Herbert, and the sounds that came up to us from the servants' hall seemed to speak of something more exciting than mere contentment there. What did it signify if three of us carried grave faces, and possibly heavy hearts?

In the evening we spent an hour with the servants, and then gathered again about the drawing-room fire. My head ached atrociously, and Warriston looked like a veritable powder magazine, but neither of us attempted to withdraw. Jemmy was in the gayest spirits.

"Somebody ought to tell us a story," she said, settling herself comfortably in a low chair. "We can't get anything out of Allen as to what happened last night in the Chamber, and thankful enough I am there is nothing to be told; so, as you depressed us with your grim and unpleasant tales last evening, Kit, I consider you are bound to-night to cheer us with the history of the girl who gave you that pencil."

Anyone with less courage would have been uncomfortable at the effect that her idle words produced, but Jemmy had courage.

I watched them all from the dark corner, to which I had retired to conceal my headache, and saw how the others pricked up their ears when Warriston's fierce answer came.

"I will tell you the story, if it is the first and only time that it passes my lips. It may be a warning to some of you to beware how you put your trust in any woman.

"Nine years ago I met a girl who seemed to me the very soul of truth and frankness and honor. She had cast aside the prejudices of society in days when it was a more daring thing than it is now, and was living by herself in London.

"Though she was free in her welcome to all, men and women, she was treated always with respect; no one dared to take a liberty with her.

"I thought I had found a perfect woman, and was proud, being a fool, to feel myself favored by her. She was an artist, with both talent and genius, and even at nineteen her pictures were remarkable.

"In all that she was, or did, or said, I could see no fault, except in this one thing: she studied under a painter who was objectionable to me. He was undoubtedly a fine painter and an excellent master, but I objected to his manner with his female students.

"Many girls had left him because of the familiarity of treatment of them, and when the girl I speak of became engaged to me, I strongly urged her to do the same.

"She answered always that the advantages too greatly outweighed the disadvantages, that no one else could teach her what she could learn from Old Luke, as they usually called him, and that she was quite capable of keeping him in his place. There was reason in that she said, but I knew that she under-estimated the attraction that she had for Luke, and I recurred to the point till it wearied her.

"The time was fixed for our marriage, and I looked forward to the final breach with the painter when it took place. In the meantime I suffered additional annoyance. There was a picture in progress to which I very strongly objected. It seemed to me unfitting that the girl who was about to become my wife should be taking a man whom I disliked and distrusted as the model for the principal figure in the most ambitious painting that she had attempted; a painting that I could see would prove to be no common thing.

"Yet that was what she was doing, and he posed as Sir Lancelot—a hero who did not please me under the circumstances. We had many disputes about the matter, and the breach seemed likely to be between us, and not between us and the painter. Words had passed that had been better left unsaid, and there was a soreness between us even when the wedding morning came.

"Yet I believed in her—believed in her utterly, and she knew it.

"We came back from church, reaching the house in correct fashion, some minutes before the friends who had accompanied us thither, and she led me straight upstairs to see her picture, to which the finishing touches had been put the night before. She opened the door, and the painting was before us, hanging in jagged strips from the easel.

"For a minute she was silent; then she turned upon me livid with rage, and hurled at me an accusation of having done this thing. She would not hear me in my defence.

"No one but I had any interest in the destruction of the picture; no one but I would have dared to execute such a shameful deed. She bade me go and never approach her again; her art was more to her than lover.

"I would go, I said, and remain away till she herself implored me to return to her; and I went out and down the stairs, she watching me from the landing.

"At this moment the door opened to admit, not the wedding-guests, but Old Luke, my enemy. He was not old, he had counted forty years at the outside; I should have minded him less if he had been sixty.

"He came in with false congratulations on his lips and a smile of vicious triumph on his face, and I knew that what had been done was his doing.

"I turned and sprang upon him, mad with anger, seeing nothing but the hateful face of the man who had robbed me, hearing nothing but his mocking words. When the wedding guests came to separate us, he had suffered less than I wished him to suffer, but enough to keep him indoors for a month.

"Years later he sent me a painting of the woman watching our struggle, and a gibing account of his share in our separation—he had painted the picture during those weeks of seclusion that I had forced upon him, and he sent me now a copy to let me know that his hatred still survived. His confession would not help me now, after years of parting, and it might add a sting to my possibly sleeping pain.

"Are you satisfied with my story, Jemmy?"

Jemmy sat watching him, with wide-open troubled eyes.

"And the woman, Kit? What of her?"

"Nothing further in my history, Jemmy. I know no more of her, except that she is still living and that she has abjured painting. I swore not to return till she sent for me, and she has not sent. She sinned against me, and it seems that repentance is not part of her nature."

"How hard you are!" cried Jemmy, half sobbing; and with a swift impulse I rose to my feet, came forth from my obscurity, and sank kneeling by his chair.

"She has repented, Kit; repented bitterly, long ago. I wrote and you would not hear me. Is there not forgiveness with you even now?"

I could say no more, and more was not needed. His dark face relaxed as it bent over me; I felt his arm close around me. Then there was a sound of a closing door, as the others departed and left us to ourselves.

Outside there was a clamor of joy-bells, and within, the hard-drawn sobbing of two whose very happiness was pain.

* * * * * *

"It would be all right," cried impulsive Jemmy, when she had me to herself, "if it was not for Ted, and—and—" with a ripple of laughter, "the Cook Book. Will you ever perfect that recipe for boned partridge stuffed with olives?"

It is highly improbable that I ever shall.

THE execution of the laws is more important than the making of them.

Between Friends.

BY F. E. F.

"MAMMA, Mrs. Grant, with her daughter is downstairs," said Nora Vere to her mother.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Vere, in a tone of vexation, "what can bring her out this damp morning?—just as I am in the midst of cutting out this work, too! Well, I suppose I must go down."

"I believe she always chooses disagreeable weather on purpose," rejoined Nora, "for the sake of catching us unprepared. I had just time to make my escape before she was shown in."

In another moment Mrs. Vere was in the parlor receiving her friend with all the cordiality in the world, as if she had been the very person above all others that she had most desired to see; and Nora too, her dislike of Mrs. Grant being conquered by her love of gossip and desire to hear the particulars of the last night's ball, which she had been prevented from attending, joined them presently.

"I am sorry, Nora," said Mrs. Grant, "that you were not at Mrs. Kendal's last evening. It was the gayest party we have had this season."

"I was sorry, indeed," said Nora, "not to be there. We were engaged with some friends at home. Who was the belle?"

"Oh, Miss Linden, of course. She is always the prettiest, best dressed, and most admired girl wherever she goes. Young Hamilton was devoted to her."

Now, as Miss Linden was Nora's avowed rival, and "favorite aversion," and Mr. Hamilton her own particular admirer, she well knew that Mrs. Grant gave her this agreeable piece of information in the hope of her saying something disagreeable; so she answered, with the frankest expression and most cordial tone, "She always looks charming, and I know Mr. Hamilton admires her."

Had she lived in the Palace of Truth she would have replied, 'She never looked pretty in her life, and Hamilton doesn't admire her at all, and I doubt whether he even danced with her last night." She, however, contented herself with asking Miss Grant, who danced wretchedly and seldom got partners, whether she had waltzed a great deal, to which the young lady replied, "No, I seldom waltz; it lays one open to so many observations."

Nora, who waltzed like a sylph, could not let it pass, and she replied with spirit, that she did not think so. Once upon a time it might have been so, but all that was old fashioned and considered in bad taste now.

She then proceeded to eulogize the waltzing of a fashionable foreigner, whom she pronounced, as if that were quite secondary, "very agreeable," and asked if Miss Grant did not find him so.

Miss Grant, who spoke French very imperfectly—which Nora shrewdly suspected when she asked the question—although she set up for a linguist and a blue, said that she did not take much interest in foreigners, as she thought they generally were very frivolous; but here the conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Belmont, who was a mutual friend of both families, whereupon a very general and spirited critic was passed upon all their friends and acquaintances at large.

"Nora," continued Mrs. Belmont, "your dress at the flower-show was perfect. I never saw you look better." Whereupon Mrs. Grant turned her cold grey eyes on Nora, and scrutinizing every article she had on, as if she were taking an inventory of every thread she wore, and wondered where the money came from, said, slowly and not over approvingly, "Yes, Nora is always exquisitely dressed," rose, and took her leave.

"That is more than can be said for her or us," said Nora, ere the door had quite closed upon her parting visitors.

"You may say that, my dear," rejoined Mrs. Belmont, laughing. "You ought to have seen them last night."

"What did they wear?" asked Nora, with the greatest animation.

"What did they not rather," returned Mrs. Belmont. "Droll as Mrs. Grant's caps usually are, I think she rather outdid herself last night."

"What was it?" asked Mrs. Vere, to whom the very word "cap" always carried a deep interest.

"Oh, I can't describe it," replied her friend. "Such a concatenation of ends of gimp and gold lace and flowers I never saw, even on her head, before. I don't know where she could have had it made."

"She made it herself, of course," said Nora, contemptuously. "Does she not make everything? She prides herself on being what she calls 'smart,' and I never knew one of your 'smart' women who did not dress vilely."

"I agree with you," said Mrs. Belmont. "Better be simple and unpretending, if you can't afford to buy the real thing at once. But Mrs. Grant thinks she can imitate almost any imported head dress she sees."

"Yes," joined in Nora; "and when she has made something outlandish, think sit looks French."

From Mrs. Grant's caps, they passed to Miss Grant's dresses and flowers, which did not fare much better; and by the time they had fully discussed their mutual friends, the interest and animation of the conversation dying away, Mrs. Belmont bade them good morning.

"I wonder what pleasure a woman of Mrs. Belmont's age can take in going to parties night after night as she does," said Nora to her mother after that lady's departure.

"Well, I am surprised at it," said Mrs. Vere, "as she has no daughters to matronize. If I did not consider it my duty to go with you, nothing would induce me to submit to such fatigue. But Mrs. Belmont has extraordinary spirits. She is constitutionally gay."

"That may be a happy constitution," continued Nora, "but it is not a dignified one. I like to see a woman fall into the 'sere and yellow leaf' gracefully, not be dancing and dressing like a young girl, and out every night."

"I think, Nora," said her little brother, looking up from his slate as his mother quitted the room, "that ours is the only perfect family."

"The only perfect family? Why, what do you mean, Tommy?"

"Why," returned the child, with much simplicity, "I have been listening to you and mamma, and it seems to me that everybody has got so many faults except us that we must be the only perfect people you know."

Nora laughed heartily as she replied, "I don't know that we are perfect, Tommy. Perhaps if we were to hear other people talk of us, we might find that we had some faults too."

Had Nora and Tommy had the gift of clairvoyance and could in spirit have followed Mrs. Belmont, as she overtook Mrs. Grant, they would readily have discovered that Nora's conjecture was not as impossible as it at first struck Tommy's young mind.

"You are going to Mrs. Vere's next Monday, I suppose?" said Mrs. Grant.

"Oh, of course. They gave a good many parties, don't they?"

"Yes, a great many," replied Mrs. Grant, "and I don't know how they manage it. With Mr. Vere's limited means, and their expensive habits, how they contrive to dress as they do, is more than I can comprehend."

"I know," continued Mrs. Belmont, dropping her voice to the true confidential pitch, "from what Mrs. Vere told me, that they are very much pressed for money," and then she proceeded to mention some little circumstances that Mrs. Vere had inadvertently let drop in relation to their family affairs, adding, "I should not, of course, mention these things did I not know the strong interest" (curiosity would have been the better word) "you take in the family, and all that relates to them."

"Oh, certainly," said Mrs. Grant. "You may safely talk to me, I am so much attached to them all, and only mention these things with regret."

"Of course," rejoined Mrs. Belmont. "One cannot without pain see a family like the Veres committing such extravagances. They have noble qualities, but it is a pity they are so imprudent."

Mrs. Grant chorussed in. as to their "noble qualities," and the ladies praised their friends vaguely and in general for a few minutes, when they returned to their failings with renewed vigor.

"Indeed," said Mrs. Grant, "I don't see how Mrs. Vere can reconcile it to her conscience to dress Nora as she does. If her object is Mr. Hamilton, I think she is sadly mistaken in the means. Young men don't fall in love with a girl because she dresses well. Indeed, in times like these, it is calculated to have a contrary effect. They can't afford to marry expensive wives, who bring nothing."

"That's true," said Mrs. Belmont, who had neither sons nor daughters grown up. "But Mr. Hamilton is rich."

Having reached her destination, where she wished to make some purchases, Mrs. Belmont bid her friend good morning.

Now what was the tie that bound these three families together?—for a week never passed that the Veres did not spend an evening with the Grants, or the Grants with the Veres, and Mrs. Belmont was always at both places.

It is very evident that, though the intimacy was great, the friendship did not amount to much. Habit and the love of gossip can only explain the enigma, for an enigma it does seem, at first sight, that two families who certainly did not like each other, and to both of whom the third party was indifferent, should be upon terms of such mutual intimacy.

Mrs. Vere and Mrs. Grant had known each other early, when their little children and small incomes had been rather subjects of mutual sympathy and interest, and living much out of society, they had been what might really be termed friends.

But as the time progressed, and their children grew up, different views and feelings were developed, and the friendship degenerated into intimacy, and the interest into curiosity; and thus, as is too often the case, the form lasted after the sentiment had departed, and what was once sympathy bore now very much the aspect of antipathy.

Nora Vere looked upon Lucy Grant as a girl who, being ugly, wanted to pass for being clever or "intellectual," as she would say; and she laughed at her pretensions and quizzed her German and pronounced her "stuck up."

Lucy, on her part, indignant at seeing the lovely Nora's beauty, waltzing, and dressing prove so much more attractive than her more solid (not to say, heavy) acquirements, spoke of her as "vain and frivolous."

The young Veres voted the Grants "slow," and what term the solemn Grants found profound enough to indicate their contempt of the careless offhand Veres, has not yet come to our knowledge.

Nora Vere was a pretty creature, with her clear hazel eyes, bright chestnut hair, and sylph-like figure, the very personification of youth, health, and happiness; and if she was somewhat given to the two sins of fashionable life, ridicule and extravagance, she was yet at heart a high-spirited, sweet-tempered, warm-hearted girl, and did not ridicule her real friends, but only those who passed for such.

At any rate Frederick Hamilton, being young himself, would not have changed her faults for the Grants' virtues; and so, notwithstanding the moral that should "adorn this tale"—for we must own the truth—he did admire her the more for her very pretty dressing.

Young men will worship beauty and admire effect, and a brighter fairy was never seen in a ball-room than Nora Vere; and so, in spite of Mrs. Grant's prophetic, and not to say triumphant anticipations, Frederick Hamilton, deeming himself rich enough to please himself, did offer hand and heart to the proud and happy Nora.

"What did Mrs. Grant say?" was the eager inquiry of the bride elect, on her mother's return from a visit to the lady to announce the engagement, for Mrs. Vere's happiness was never perfect until she had the triumph of communicating it to her friend; and when Nora returned her bridal visits in her own carriage, nowhere did she leave her card as "Mrs. Frederick Hamilton" with such entire satisfaction as at Mrs. Grant's.

"And now, Nora," said her husband, as they drove away from the door, "let us have little or nothing to do with that woman."

"With all my heart," she replied. "I don't like her or any of her connections."

"It is not the people so much, whom I dislike, as the terms you are on," said her husband. "For, Nora, if you'll forgive me for saying so, I don't think that species of skirmishing and sharpshooting that existed between you either womanly or lady like."

"That it is not lady-like I fully agree with you," replied Mrs. Hamilton, "but oh," she continued, laughing "it is very woman-like!"

THE ELEVATION OF THE SOUL.—What is the elevation of the soul? A prompt, delicate, certain feeling for all that is beautiful, all that is grand; a quick resolution to do the greatest good by the smallest means; a great benevolence joined to a great strength and great humility.

At Home and Abroad.

The costliest book ever compiled is now in course of issue by our Government, the work being an official history of the War of the Rebellion. It will consist, when finished, of one hundred and twelve volumes. About half its cost goes to printers and binders, the rest being expended in salaries, stationery, rent, and for the purchase of records. It is expected that the book will be completed in about three years' time, and that its total cost will then amount to $3,000,000. The history of the war will be illustrated by plates, maps, plans, and photographs.

An engineer who is now stationed in India says that a blessing beyond compare to those who have to spend part of their lives under a tropical sunlight is an orange colored shirt. He declares that he frequently fell ill after duty in the sun, until he treated himself as a photographic sensitive plate and surrounded himself with yellow light. All clothing, however thick, allows certain rays to pass, and although thick clothing would arrest all the injurious elements of sunlight, it would interfere with the escape of bodily heat. The yellow shirt for sensitive people who are much in hot sunlight is an excellent protection, only inferior to that simplest and best of all protectives, a white umbrella.

An example of the value of photography by the Rontgen rays, which have already done so much to aid medical science, was given recently in the case of a mummy, which a gentleman had bought in Egypt. When the mummy arrived in England some of its purchaser's friends declared that it was not genuine, one of them going so far as to say that the hand of the mummy alone proved that it was only a very clever imitation. The owner of the mummy, to settle all doubts, had the hand photographed by means of the Rontgen rays, and to his great relief and the discomfiture of sceptical friends, the photograph showed the perfect outlines of the bones of the human hand, thus proving the genuineness of the embalmed body.

The staple article of diet of the Japanese soldiers is rice, but they have also canned meat, vegetables, and fish in abundance, and consume almost as much meat per man on march as do European soldiers. The daily allowance of meat, fresh or canned, to Japanese soldiers is seven ounces. The American standard is twenty ounces, while European armies have daily allowances of meat as follows:—Russian, sixteen ounces; English, twelve, Italian, eleven; French, Belgian, Turkish and German, nine; Austrian and Spanish, eight. The daily allowance of bread is highest among the Austrian troops, who receive thirty-two ounces, and lowest amongst the English troops, who get sixteen ounces. In the United States army, the French army, and the Italian army, the allowance is twenty-two ounces. In the German army it is twenty-eight; in the Russian, seventeen.

The Crown Prince Constantine of Greece is very popular with the Greeks, a fact which may partly be accounted for by a tradition, the memory of which no doubt stimulated the recent patriotic outburst. This ancient proverb has it that it will be during the reign of a Constantine and a Sophia that the Greek empire shall be called into life again and the cross restored to the dome of St. Sophia in Constantinople. This proverb was ancient centuries before Prince Constantine or his wife, the Princess Sophia, was born, and it may readily be believed that in view of that superstition the modern Greek should be anxious that the prince should ascend the throne and lay the foundation of the future glory of Hellas.

Deafness Cannot be Cured.

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

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Our Young Folks.

THE GOBBLIWOGS.

BY G. L. S.

GOBBLIWOGS live in green ponds, where there are water-weeds and newts, and such things.

Sometimes you may see just the tops of their round, shiny heads above the water, like bubbles. Indeed, some people, who are too wise or too stupid to believe in fairies, say that gobbliwogs are bubbles.

"Poor dear people!

Well, the gobbliwogs in this story had lost their queen, and their king was pining away with loneliness and grief, to such an extent that they began to fear lest he should evaporate altogether.

In vain his chief councillors selected the finest maiden gobbliwogs and brought them to his majesty he would have none of them; though the poor things blew themselves out so, in trying to make themselves as large as the late queen, that some of them burst.

In vain the councillors sent to all the other green ponds; not a gobbliwog was to be found, who was so the king said a patch on his dear, dead darling. For we are apt to think a great deal of things when they are gone from us.

At last, in despair, they began to look among the other sorts of creatures on the earth that peradventure they might find something round enough and large enough to satisfy their lorelt monarch.

* * * * * *

Miss Maria sat on the orchard fence; Muddles sat on the grass at her feet. Miss Maria was happy, because she had a huge piece of Aunt Jane's cake. Muddles was very unhappy because he had not.

"I wish she'd give me some," thought he, while the waters of longing dripped from the corners of his mouth. "I'm sure she'd be better without it; she's getting as round and fat as a suet pudding."

He watched the cake getting smaller and smaller, till, when the last wee bit was on its way to her mouth, his feelings grew altogether too much for him.

"Yap! yap!" he shouted. "Boo-woo-wow-yap!" which meant: "Oh! oh! Don't forget me—oh!"

"Greedy dog," said Miss Maria reprovingly, with her mouth full. "One not bark so—oo's had oo dinner," and she swallowed the bit.

It was too bad!

Tears of bitter disappointment gathered in Muddles' eyes.

He rubbed his nose with his paw, and snuffed wistfully round for stray crumbs.

"O-o-yow!" shrieked Miss Maria, suddenly and loudly.

Muddles looked up in amazement. What was happening? She was clinging to the fence with all her might, and kicking into the air and shrieking lustily just as though something were trying to pull her off.

In another moment in spite of her frantic struggles the something did pull her off, and whirled her away, through the trees, up, up, till she looked a mere speck in the distance.

Muddles gasped with terror! What could it be?

* * * * * *

Mrs. Cochin-China was in a great state of mind clucking, and screaming, and fussing as she tried to cover all her chicks at once.

"Lie down, keep in!" she shrieked, as fluffy heads, with great yellow beaks and beady eyes, popped out here and there from under her feathers.

"Yap! yap!" shouted Muddles. "What's happening? Miss Maria's eaten all the cake and flown away."

"Oh! my poor heart! What a turn they gave me," clucked the hen faintly, turning up the whites of her eyes as though she were in a fit.

Muddles was puzzled.

Miss Maria was quite out of sight by now, and he didn't know where or how she had gone.

"Who's they?" he said.

"They," repeated Mrs. Cochin-China, "why, the gobbliwogs, of course; didn't you see them?"

"No," said Muddles, looking round. "What are they like?"

"Well, what a question!" said Mrs. Cochin-China, tossing her head in a superior sort of way. "Why, they are like—like gobbliwogs—of course."

Muddles did not feel much wiser, but was too polite to say so.

"But suppose you know they have lost their queen," went on Mrs. Cochin-China, swelling with importance at having so much "and they are looking for some one round enough to take her place. Why, they nearly stole one of my precious chicks, in spite of me, only they found out just in time that the dears squeeze up all to nothing when they are wet."

"Bless me!" said Muddles, in an awe-struck tone. "Do you think they could have taken Maria? She is rather round!"

"Of course! They must have done, if she's gone," said Mrs. Cochin-China, omitting to say that she had herself told the gobbliwogs of Maria's roundness to save her own chicks.

"Dear, dear! How strange I never saw them!" said Muddles.

"Not strange at all," snapped the hen, "they only look like bubbles!"

"Poor Miss Maria! how can I help her?" said Muddles, who was very kind-hearted and never bore grudges.

"Lawks! how should I know? It's enough for a poor body to mind her own chicks without 'lashing' after others, too," said she, pecking viciously at an imaginary fly, and wishing Muddles would go. He did go; but soon stopped again as he passed Mr. Grubber, ask him about the gobbliwogs.

"Dunno!" grunted Mr. Grubber, without stopping to look up, for he had just found a choice root.

"What yer want 'em for?" he asked, between his snufflings.

"They have taken away Maria to be a queen, and she ate all the cake," explained Muddles.

"Cake good?" said the pig, with a slight pause of interest.

"Yes-es—but what about Maria?"

"Ugh! stupid! Let her go, and you'll have all the cake next time," said the pig.

"I'd rather lose the cake than Maria," shouted Muddles, dancing round with impatience. "Which way did they go?"

"Dunno! You are a fool! It's cause you ain't a pig! I'd stick to the cake!"

"That's because you are a pig. I'm very glad I'm not," retorted Muddles indignantly, as he scampered off.

* * * * * *

"Chuck it yow-yow!" shrieked Judge Solomon, winking and blinking like the owl he was. For Muddles had startled him out of his afternoon nap in the ivy.

Muddles stopped short.

"Do tell me where to find the gobbliwogs?" said he in a pleading tone. "They have taken Maria to be a queen, and she ate all the cake."

"You shouldn't try to spoil her chances in life just out of revenge; you can't get the cake now," said the owl severely.

"It isn't that," sobbed Muddles. "She don't want to be a gobbliwog she screamed."

"It's very sad for her," said the owl, looking solemn; "but she must have deserved it. Don't you go you'll come to some harm. 'Each for himself' is my motto."

"It isn't mine," said Muddles sturdily. "I'll fetch her back somehow, cake or no cake. Which way did they go?"

"Oh, somewhere over there you're a duffer," sneered the owl, blinking vaguely across the orchard towards the meadow beyond.

Muddles was off like a shot.

* * * * * *

Just by the orchard fence was the drain-pipe, wherein Colonel Spikely lived.

He was peeping cautiously out of his front door; but when he saw Muddles, he quickly drew in his sharp little nose, for as a rule they were not on good terms.

However, directly he saw that Muddles was not bent on mischief, out came his nose again.

"How d'ye-do?" he said politely; for a hedgehog is nothing if not well-mannered.

"How do?" said Muddles hastily. "Did you see them?"

"Who may them be?" inquired Colonel Spikely, whose grammar was not faultless, if his manners were.

"Why, the gobbliwogs, of course," snarled poor Muddles, who was beginning to feel cross over so much delay.

"Oh, yes," said Colonel Spikely, in a brisk voice, "They went home to the green pond in the hazlewood, where they live. If you are quick, you might——"

But Muddles was half-way over the meadow by that time.

So the sparrows sat on the fence, twittering about what Muddles might do if he were quick. And Colonel Spikely let them twitter, for he never wasted words.

* * * * * *

When Muddles reached the hazelwood he heard shrill screams.

"She is still above water!" he barked joyfully, and on he dashed through the thick, scratching nut-boughs.

What a commotion there was at the pond, to be sure!

Gobbliwogs of every size and age were leaping and splashing about in the utmost excitement, as they tried to drag Maria away from the clutches of an old blackthorn, who had seized hold of her frock.

Poor Maria! What with the vicious tugs of the gobbliwogs on one side, and the spiteful scratches of the blackthorn on the other, she was in a sad plight and half-dead with terror.

Now, the blackthorn was a wicked old fellow, and had caught Maria, as she was dragged past him, not for the sake of helping her, but to spite the gobbliwogs, who had offended him by not asking his advice about a new queen.

Muddles dashed forward, and seized Maria by the arm. That would not tear, he thought, and her frock might.

The blackthorn, who thought Muddles must be an ally of the gobbliwogs, let go his clutch for one short moment, that he might scratch Muddles and as many gobbliwogs as he could reach. But Muddles was look quick for him, and with a bound was out of his reach with Maria.

Then began a tug of war. For all the gobbliwogs, large and small, hung desperately on to the skirt of Maria's frock.

Muddles stood his ground dogfully and held on like forty leeches, while she, kicking and screaming with all her might, held wildly on to her ear with her outer hand.

Poor Maria—poor-er frock! That little frock was never made to be so roughly handled. It gave way at the gathers, and with a loud tear, skirt and top parted company.

So the gobbliwogs, who were pulling for all they were worth, fell back with a mighty splash into the pond.

Muddles and Maria picked themselves hastily up and fled—home.

* * * * * *

The gobbliwogs stayed in the pond for a long time utterly crestfallen and vowing vengeance on Maria and Muddles and the blackthorn.

"But it was all your fault," they said to their king, "with your silly lads. You had better look for a queen yourself, or shrivel up if you want to—we don't care!"

Whereat the king burst with rage at their insolence; and they found it cost so much less to do without a royal family, that they wished they had thought of it sooner.

They would have punished Muddles and Maria—but they never found them again.

"Why?" did you say? "Had they gone right away?"

Oh, no; but always after that, Maria shared everything with Muddles, so she grew thin and he grew fat, so the gobbliwogs didn't recognize them—that was all.

BISMARCK'S WIT.—The number of "smart" sayings with which Bismarck is credited is unlimited. When the Emperor William demanded an explanation of something that had taken place in the Bismarck residence the Chancellor made the reply which is credited with bringing about his retirement.

"Your Majesty's jurisdiction over me ends at the threshold of my wife's drawing-rooms," he said.

Every married man has had abundant opportunities for learning the far-reaching significance of the concealed jest, but the young Emperor has the misfortune to have no sense of humor.

Another one of Bismarck's jokes is so comprehensive that it will save the trouble of telling what he stood for in his earlier politics as the representative of the German country gentleman against the Liberal movement of the cities.

It was proposed by one of the Liberals in 1849, half in jest, no doubt, that a bargain should be struck under which the side that won in the approaching contest should treat the other considerately.

"If your party has its way," is the reply credited to Bismarck, "life will not be worth living. If ours wins there will have to be executions, and I can promise you that they will be considerately and politely conducted up to the last round of the ladder."

The same spirit animates the most celebrated of all his sayings, which gave him the name of the "Man of Iron."

"Germany does not look to Liberalism but to the power of Prussia, and Prussia must pull herself together so as not to miss again the favorable moment. Not by speechifying and resolutions, as in 1848 and 1849, can the great questions of the time be decided, but by blood and iron."

COMPLIMENTS are the poetical bouquets which seclorsal the mountains of prosaic existence. In the intercourse of systematic and artificial people they have a natural place, and it is as pleasant to recognize by word or look the graces and charms of our friends as it is to enjoy and prize by them.

The World's Events.

There are ten volcanoes in Mexico.

One-fifth of the whole of the African continent is a desert.

One-seventh of the territory of France is composed of forests.

Ornithologists have determined that there are 8,000 species of birds.

The house fly makes 310 strokes a second with its wings; the bee 180.

It is said that an earthquake occurs somewhere in the earth every hour.

Cigars are given to soldiers in the Italian army as part of their daily rations.

Nearly 6,000 pieces are required in the construction of a modern locomotive.

It is a sign of rain when cattle stretch their necks and snuff the air for a long time.

Over 500 tornadoes occurred during the twelve years from 1871 to 1883 in the United States.

Cuba has twelve varieties of mosquitoes and three hundred varieties of butterflies.

Matches have not yet displaced the tinder-box in certain rural districts of Spain and Italy.

There are twenty-seven republics, twenty kingdoms and fourteen empires on the earth at the present time.

It is asserted that a healthy baby should cry at least three or four times a day, in order to give its lungs the needed exercise.

Iron has for ages been a favorite medicine. Over 100 different preparations of iron are now known to the medical chemists.

The apricot is very widely diffused in Asia. The Persians, in their figurative language, call the apricot of Iran the "seed of the sun."

The red-and-white crossed flag of Denmark is said to be the oldest existing national color, having been in use since the year 1219.

The Arabic vernacular furnishes a singular illustration of the popularity of war in the East. It has more than fifty names for the sword.

India-rubber used for erasing pencil-marks was known in England as early as 1770. A cube of it half an inch square cost at that time 75 cents.

Only one marble statue of the human figure with eyelashes is known. It is the sleeping Ariadne, one of the gems of the Vatican, which was found in 1503.

The farther north the more injurious to the human system is the use of coffee. Greenlanders have found it necessary to prohibit its use by the young.

The slowest breeders of all known animals, a pair of elephants would become the progenitors of 19,000,000 elephants in 750 years, if death did not interfere.

The use of sights on cannon for aiming did not commend itself until the beginning of this century. In 1801 Nelson's opinion was unfavorable to the invention.

Kansas editors excel in the selection of eccentric names for their papers. The Prairie Dog, the Astonisher, the Paralyzer and the Thomas Cat are conspicuous among others.

The largest library in the world is the National, at Paris. It has 2,000,000 bound volumes, and 100,000 manuscripts. The British Museum has a library containing 1,500,000 volumes.

A statistical genius has worked out the problem of how much gold there is in the ocean. He values the amount at $124,000,000,000,000, but he is quite silent as to how it is to be got out.

Very cheap are the summer resorts in the mountains of Japan. There are mineral springs there to which peasants bring their own bedding and rice, paying only three cents a day for lodging and use of the water.

If the inhabitants of the fixed stars had powerful enough telescopes to see us, they would not see us as we are to-day, but as we were fifty, 100 years, or even longer ago, for it would take light that long to travel to them.

There is nothing Scottish about the bagpipes, except the tune the sheepskin of the bag and the tartan. The wood—chiefly or cocus-wood—comes from Africa and Jamaica, the ivory from Africa; the horn from Australia, and the cane for the reeds from Spain.

The orthodox plate or bag will not do for a collection among African natives. In an address at Cape Town, the Bishop of Zululand stated that, in response to one appeal, there were offered 93 baskets of mealies, seven head of cattle, one horse, some sheep, and a number of chickens.

There are many theories given to account for the same. Rotten bone of the Horseguards in Hyde Park, London, vanish the cortex is that 0 originally ran from the same route as Rotten Row—the Road of the King or the King's Way—for only the carriages of the sovereign were permitted on this road.

THE SOWER.

BY S. H.

Weeping goes forth the sower on his way,
Weeping, although he beareth precious seed,
Weeping because he knows his utter need,
Weeping through many a dark and stormy day.
He weeps for goodly grain cast quite away,
For barren footpath and delusive soil
Where rocks, scarce hidden, all his labor foil,
For early bloom of hopes that will not stay,
For thriving plants choked up by many a weed.
Yet ceases not to sow and watch and pray.
The Saviour as he sowed did weep and bleed,
But now rejoices with the fruit alway.
So, like the Master, he who sows and grieves
Shall doubtless come again with joyful sheaves.

BOOKS AND BOOK-HUNTERS.

To the proverbial saying that "Providence looks after the lame and lazy," there ought to be a pendant declaratory of the special aid and guidance that seem to be vouchsafed, by some occult and favorable influence, to the brotherhood of book-hunters.

A work on astrology, said to be unique, without title-page, but bearing date 1473, and consequently one of the earliest specimens of printing extant, having been brought out about twenty years after the discovery of the art, exquisitely printed, with all the capital letters put in by hand, some of them being done in gold and others in color—was picked up at a London bookstall for fifteenpence.

A copy of Bedmar's "Squittino della Liberta Veneta," 1612—a work so rare that its very existence has been denied—was bought at another London bookstall for sixpence.

A book-hunter who was already in possession of the original manuscript of Fleming's "Decline and Fall of the Papacy," published in the reign of William III.—which manuscript was shown to George III., on account of a passage in it which contained a prediction that the years 1793 and 1848 would be fatal to the papal power, although, according to this prediction, the final destruction of that power would not be consummated until half a century afterwards—picked up a copy of the earliest printed edition of this work, now extremely rare, for twopence, at a bookstall.

Two very rare old Spanish poems, so scarce that for years past the dealers had declared it to be impossible to procure them, were found, one after the other, at two different bookstalls in Paris, by the same collector, and bought by him; one of them for two sous, the other for ten sous.

A work in two volumes, entitled "The True Secret History of the Lives and Reigns of all the Kings and Queens of England, from King William, called the Conqueror, to the end of the Reign of the late Queen Anne. By a Person of Honor. Printed for D. Browne, Jr., at the Black Swan, without Temple Bar, 1725"—a work so rare that it is not to be found in the British Museum—was picked up at an old-clothes shop in Walworth for sixpence a volume.

But the proverbial "slip 'twixt cup and lip" so common in the experience of ordinary mortals sometimes causes, on the other hand, cruel disappointments even to the most fortunate of the brotherhood. Thus Dr. Yarnold, having meditated much upon the marvellous lifelikeness of "Don Quixote," arrived at the conclusion that, inasmuch as Cervantes could hardly have drawn the character and adventures of his hero from his own imagination, he had probably derived his idea of the immortal Knight of La Mancha from the life and doings of some bona fide original, just as Defoe had obtained from the veritable history of Alexander Selkirk the idea which he so admirably worked out in his Life and Adventures of Robinson Crusoe. Having come to this conclusion in regard to the great Spanish romancer, and being fond of expatiating upon it to his friends, the indefatigable book-hunter became extremely desirous to discover the supposed prototype of Cervantes' hero.

For several years his inquiries and researches failed to elicit any trace of this supposed original. But, at length, happening to travel from London to Oxford by the stage-coach, he alighted from the vehicle at one of the ordinary stopping-places on the road to wait in the inn while the horses were being changed. On going into the bar he saw an odd number of some old magazine lying on the counter. He took it up, and, on opening it, his eye lighted on an article treating of Cervantes and his immortal romance, which the magazine-writer boldly asserted to have been suggested by the eccentricities of a countryman of the novelist, of whose real life and oddities he gave a sketch, purporting to be derived from authentic sources. Being abruptly summoned by the guard to resume his journey, Dr. Yarnold threw down the magazine and got back into the coach. But no sooner had the ponderous vehicle cleared the precincts of the village than he bethought himself, with immense regret and self-upbraiding, of the carelessness of which he had been guilty in not making a note of the periodical in which he had chanced to meet with so unhoped-for a confirmation of his own hypothesis.

However, though greatly annoyed by the thought of his oversight, he consoled himself with the determination to look up the precious magazine on his return, and, if possible, to purchase it. But alas! when, a few days afterwards, the coach again deposited the returning book-hunter at the door of the village inn, the magazine had disappeared. None of the people at the inn had seen it or knew anything about it; and though the doctor exerted his utmost ingenuity to ascertain the title and the publisher of this magazine, he could never obtain the slightest information in regard to it.

There is, in the library of one of the English universities a very rare work on the life of Richard III., of which, to the librarian's sorrow, one section is missing. A well-known historian happening to visit this library, the librarian showed him, as one of its rarities, the work in question, pointing out to him the fact of the missing section; "probably left out," he remarked, "through inadvertence when the book was bound." "I, too, possess a copy of this work," returned the historian; "and as the section which is missing in yours occurs twice over in mine, the superfluous one in my copy is probably that which is lacking in yours."

Grains of Gold.

Pedantry consists in the use of words unsuited to the time, place and company.

Truth should be the first lesson of the child, and the last aspiration of manhood.

Whether happiness may come or not, we should try to prepare ourselves to do without it.

The gloomy and resentful are usually found among those who have nothing to do or who do nothing.

A man's virtue should be measured, not by his occasional exertions, but by the doings of his ordinary life.

Victory over things is the office of man. Of course until it is accomplished, it is the war and insult of things over him.

It is better to suffer many injuries than to do one. There is small revenge in words; but words may be greatly revenged.

We should do by our cunning as we do by our courage—we should always have it ready to defend ourselves, never to offend others.

The truest help we can render an afflicted man is not to take his burdens from him, but to call out his best strength, that he may be able to bear the burden.

Femininities.

There is only one sudden death among women to every eight among men.

After a wife convinces her husband he is having his way, it is an easy matter to govern him.

Gloves worn at night too constantly are apt rather to yellow the hands than whiten them. Vaseline yellows the skin.

Bread made from whole wheat flour will support life, and a man might live on meat alone, but it would be a very imperfect diet.

In five minutes a woman can clean up a man's room in such a way that it will take him five weeks to find out where she puts things.

The wedding ring is worn on the left hand because, symbolically, the right hand denotes authority and the left hand obedience.

Parisian restaurant keepers mix a little honey with their butter. This is said to give it an agreeable flavor, and makes the inferior butter more palatable.

Fair customer: I want a novel, please. Library-assistant: Yes. What is the name? Fair customer: Oh, I'm not particular. The one everybody is reading.

Miss Sharpe: I celebrate my twenty-fourth birthday to-morrow. Miss Oldage: Indeed? And isn't it singular?—so do I. Miss Sharpe: Oh, but I celebrate mine for the first time.

"Mr. Dawson is a lovely man," said Miss Wellon. "I told him I was twenty-two years old, and the dear thing said I didn't look it." "Well, you don't" said Miss Porte; "you look thirty-two."

"I've quit asking people if my bonnet is on straight." "Why, my dear?" asked her husband. "I love you too much, John, to disgrace you by calling any body's attention to an old bonnet like this."

Municipal suffrage in England is not confined, as many suppose, to a few rich women. The property qualification for both sexes is small, and more poor women than rich ones possess the franchise.

Movable stairs, which revolve on drums, are coming into use in many residences on the Continent. They work on the principle of an endless chain, the passenger stepping on, and being gradually conveyed to the landing above.

At one of the Washington hotels there are special sets of "honeymoon apartments," each one of which is fitted up to suit a particular type of color. Blonde, Brunette, or nut-brown brides, says a prominent paper, are thus specially catered for.

The Infanta Isabella Fernandina Francoise Josephine, aunt of the King of Spain and sister of the ex-King d'Assisi, who died the other day in poverty in a wretched inn in Paris, was the most beautiful Princess in the Spanish court five years ago.

The fashion of swell women going into trade originated in England, where well known women place their names on bonnet shop signs. In New York there are two ladies who have opened a tearoom, a couple of others have a florist's shop, and still others are at the head of a private family hotel.

A French scientist has calculated that American dentists insert about ninety thousand pounds' worth of gold annually into the teeth of their customers. Making allowances for the increase of population, in less than a hundred years American cemeteries will contain a larger amount of gold than now exists in France.

Miss Million: So you know Miss Tiptop, the belle of the season? Mr. Sharpwit, after Miss Million's heart, hand, and bank account: Oh, yes; she and I move in—in—ah—much the same set. Miss Million: By the way, here comes Miss Tiptop now. We will meet her face to face. Why, she did not recognize you. Mr. Sharpwit: She always acts that way when I'm with a prettier girl than she is.

In China there is a strange profession for ladies—strange, because openly and handsomely remunerated. It is carried on by elderly ladies, who go the round of the best houses, announcing their coming by beating a drum and offering their services to amuse the lady of the house. This offer accepted, they sit down and tell the latest scandal and the newest stories and are rewarded at the rate of one dollar an hour, besides a handsome present should some portion of their gossip have proved particularly acceptable to their hearers.

Colored lamp-shades and the dainty-hued draperies that have been so popular in many households of recent years are under the ban. Failing eyesight in women has lately been a subject under close observation, and now the oculists have arrived at the conclusion that the trouble is due to the multi-colors of interior decorations. It is the theory that a combination of colors before the vision injures the sight, and that the love of color which is responsible for the charming harmonies of hues and chromatic effects that prevail in the homes of the rich is a positive evil when considered from the point of view of the oculist, as it is in no small measure answerable for many obscure eye troubles.

Masculinities.

Leadworking is one of the most disastrous of all trades to health.

Trying to look like a sheep has never yet produced any wool on the back of a goat

In Russia the principals in a duel partake of breakfast together before going out to fight.

The man that does not believe that two heads are better than one is the father of new-born twins.

The old sinner who sings "Just as I am," will get up and talk for half-an-hour to make people believe he is somebody else.

The heaviest man whose weight is recorded authentically was Miles Darden, of Tennessee. He weighed a little less than 1,000 pounds.

The largest man ever enlisted in the British army was Lieutenant Sutherland. His height was 8 feet 4 inches, and his weight 364 pounds.

Spoons: And will my ducky trust me in everything when we are married? She: Everything, Algy, provided you don't ask for a night key.

"Who is that dark little person over there in the corner who never says anything?" "That is Professor Muidrook, the teacher of languages."

It is stated as remarkable that in most ancient statues the second toe is longer than the great toe. The reverse is the case in men of the present time.

"Opporchunities," said Uncle Eben, "is pretty sho' ter come to ebery man. But it's a mighty good idee, jes' the same, fob him ter hustle roun' an' send out a few invitations."

Aristotle believed that gray-eyed people had keener sight than those with blue, black, or brown eyes. Science of later years has demonstrated that this idea was fallacious.

A Chinaman believes that he can destroy warts on his hands if he steals something. He also thinks that he can cure a colic if he turns the soles of his shoes uppermost when he goes to bed.

"I can't understand why you bachelors are prone to laugh at marriage?" said the Sweet Young Thing. "Because," said the Chronic Bachelor, "because we are the only ones who see any fun in it."

Goethe condemned the practice of congratulation upon marriage. "It is," he said, "as absurd as congratulating a man on having drawn a lottery ticket before you know whether it is a prize or a blank."

The portion of the body which most requires protection against cold and wind, is that between the shoulder-blades behind, as it is at this point the lungs are attached to the body, and the blood is easily chilled.

The professor: I have collected all the material for my work on "The Decline of Superstition." I shall begin to write the book day after to-morrow. Wife: Why not to-morrow? The Professor: Um—a—to-morrow is Friday.

"Billy, you have no use for your classical education now you are married." "Well, you're way off. I use my college yell on the baby every night." "On your baby? What good does that do?" "Why, lots of good; it makes him scream for his mother like mad."

Persons who find existence attractive enough to wish to prolong it are advised to seek Norway. There the average length of life is greater than in any other country on the globe. This is attributed to the fact that the temperature is cool and uniform throughout the year.

A young couple were getting married. Suddenly some absurd idea enters the head of the bridegroom, and he bursts out laughing. Thereupon the old clergyman who is officiating pauses a moment, and says gravely: "Don't laugh, my friend. You'll have little occasion for mirth in the state you are now entering."

As early as the time of Alexander II. of Scotland, a man who let weeds go to seed on a farm was declared to be the king's enemy. In Denmark farmers are compelled to destroy all weeds on their premises. In France a man may prosecute his neighbor for damages who permits weeds to go to seed which may endanger neighboring lands.

Roman lamps were of many sizes, but most of them very closely resembled what is at present denominated as sauce and gravy boats. At one end there was a ring, through which the finger was passed when the light was carried. The body of the vessel was filled with oil, and at the other end there was a small tube through which a rag wick was passed.

A German inventor has hit upon a method of putting stone soles on boots and shoes. He mixes a waterproof glue with a suitable quantity of clean quartz sand and spreads it over the leather sole used as a foundation. These quartz soles are said to be quite flexible and practically indestructible; they give the foot a firm hold on the most slippery surfaces.

Latest Fashion Phases.

The newest thing in the jacket line hails from England and consists of an Eton in scarlet smooth-faced cloth. It is closed at the throat, stands open at the waist line, and has extremely snug fitting sleeves. It is slashed deeply around the lower edge. Gold braid borders it, military fashion, and gold coin buttons bedeck it liberally. A more pretentious jacket is basque shaped and is tight-fitting both front and back.

It is of bright blue cloth and is bound and braided in black. Yet another is of plum-colored cloth, braided in black. It is of the species known as the box coat, and hangs seamless both front and back. The braid appears upon the rolling collar and turnback cuffs.

Ulsters seem likely to resume their old-time popularity this winter. A notably thick ulster fits snugly both back and front, and is of drab cloth with strapped seams. The strapping is repeated on the pockets and cuffs. The noteworthy thing about all these outer garments is their sleeves, which present such shrunken contrast to those of even a few months ago. The newest cut in capes is long and full, the upstanding collar being cut in one with the rest. A simple border of braiding makes the most desirable finish.

Millionaire women have a new eccentricity which they are quite sure they can reserve for their own exclusive use. The imitating multitudes will be debarred from the sincerest form of flattery by their lack of ducats. They will therefore be compelled to remain in the background to covet and admire.

This new millionaire fad is to wear diamonds on the finger nails. This is so very simply accomplished that one wonders why millionaires have never thought of it before. When one considers how very easy a matter it is to attach diamonds to the ends of one's fingers, it becomes a matter of painful regret that finger nails have remained unornamented so many thousand years.

The new fashion, which has all the glory and prestige of an invention along more scientific lines, decrees that the women with bank accounts long enough to permit of this costly trifling shall have a tiny gold cap made for each of their fingers. From the cap is suspended on the outside a big diamond drop, which sparkles most satisfactorily, there being one large sparkle for each finger nail. Of course, the sparkles are not so conspicuous as they would be if a large number of rings were not worn at the same time, but society is hardly yet ready for the great sacrifice which the laying off of rings would entail. Some day, perhaps, the finger nail adornments may be allowed to shine in undiminished glory.

Accordion plaited petticoats are a new thing in underwear. They are made of silk and are plaited throughout their length or have an accordion plaited flounce set on a yoke which extends half way down.

Costumes of silver gray crepe de chine or mousseline de soie were among this summer's novelties and are very dainty and attractive. They are saved from half mourning effect by the addition of carnations, red, pink or deep blue bows, choux and girdle. It should be remembered that women without any pink coloring should never wear clear gray, either dark or light, as it gives them a faded look.

Those fortunate enough to have pink cheeks look very well in it, whether they be fair or dark in general complexion. Of course an extremely red faced person cannot wear light gray any more than she can wear pale pink or turquoise blue or lavender, these delicate tints making the rubicund complexion seem deeper by contrast.

Ecru linen lawn, plain, embroidered, openworked, plaided and striped with silk threads, thick and thin, was more worn this summer than it was last, which is saying a great deal. In the sheer varieties it is often accordion plaited and is always made over a colored silk lining, which shows through with a changeable effect.

The lining ought to be of a rather decided tone in order to assert itself through the ecru lawn and not lose its character by being so veiled. Clear, light violet, strong pink, pronounced blue, scarlet, coral red, bright green and white are all effective lining tones, the latter with ecru itself being perhaps the most refined and elegant. The trimmings—that is, the bows, choux, embroideries and girdle—may be a little lighter than the lining, as they are not covered by anything.

A toilet composed of foulard had a white ground with mauve and pale green figures printed upon it. The skirt shows an apron effect, front and back, given by three ruffles of mauve mousseline de soie, which are led upward at the sides.

The blouse bodice of printed foulard is mounted on a yoke of white guipure over mauve silk outlined by a bertha composed of three ruffles of mauve mousseline de soie and opens at the left side of the front. The close sleeves of printed foulard have a slight fullness at the top, the wrist and collar frills being of white mousseline de soie. The collar is of mauve satin, as is also the belt, which is tied at the side.

The fashionable rage for white this summer has extended to shoes and stockings as well as belts. Shoes of white kid are worn with light costumes, and white kid belts are favorites. It is unnecessary to say that these are only desirable when they are immaculately clean. Shoes of gray, ecru and brown linen are also seen and are very cool for hot weather.

Buttons are still much used for trimming, especially those made of cut steel or paste. The steel ones accompany all sorts of costumes, but the jeweled ones are only employed for very nice gowns. Enameled buttons are largely used on light summer toilets.

White will continue to be fashionable all summer and into the autumn. It is becoming to nearly everybody and can be worn by everybody in some form or other. Even if it does not compose the entire costume it may be used for the trimmings or accessories, a white hat and parasol accompanying well any gown and white lace or gauze decorations being equally adaptable.

A dinner bodice of plaited straw mousseline de soie. It is made over a straw silk lining and has a deep yoke of straw mousseline de soie, embroidered with pink and red flowers.

A double frill of straw mousseline de soie falls below the yoke and passes up the left side, which is ornamented with a bretelle of red velvet ribbon and bows of straw mousseline de soie, fastened by paste buckles. The collar and belt are of red velvet, and the close, shirred sleeves of straw mousseline have double plaited caps of the same material.

An attractive tennis costume has a pretty gored skirt of black serge, untrimmed, but lined throughout with black cambric and faced at the foot with stiffening.

The blouse is of a large gay plaid silk, with a flat vest in front and the full sides drawn up to the bust and knotted in the most fascinating manner and showing a plain V of the same at the waist. The cravat is of red satin and the belt of red leather. The sleeves are made in the bishop style with detachable white linen cuffs.

For comfortable tennis gowns serge, flannel and lightweight cloths are excellent for autumn wear.

A very smart yachting costume was recently made of blue serge. The gored skirt was encircled at the knees and a few inches below the waist, with three rows of blue and gilt braid sewed one inch apart.

The corsage had its pouched fullness belted in trimly with white kid at the waist, and both the blouse and a jaunty little basque were elaborately trimmed with the blue and gilt braid. Furthermore, there was a large sailor collar of white pique, braided in blue and gilt, with a miniature anchor decorating each corner, while an under collar of light blue linen, fastens by tiny gold buttons. Then there was a chemisette of white batiste, finely tucked, which makes an excellent background for a cravat of black satin, while the finishing touch was given by a loose sailor knot of white silk, which was tied in front of the collar. The sleeves were in the leg-o' mutton shape, with flaring cuffs of serge, trimmed with the blue and gilt braid. There was a piquant yachting-cap of blue serge, with a glazed peak.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

Here is a list which housekeepers should paste up where it would be handy when the query comes, advises an exchange: 'Oh, dear, what is it that takes out mildew stains or peach stains? I've read it somewhere, but I can't remember to save my life!" For fresh tea and coffee stains use boiling water. Place the linen stained over a large bowl and pour through it boiling water from the tea kettle, held at a height to insure force. Old tea and coffee stains, which have become "set," should be soaked in cold water first, then boiling.

For peach stains a weak solution of chloride of lime combined with infinite patience. Long soaking is an essential.

Grass stains may be removed by cream tartar and water.

For scorch, hang or spread the article in the sunshine. For mildew, lemon juice and sunshine, or if obstinate dissolve one tablespoonful of chloride of lime in four quarts of cold water and soak the article until mildew disappears. Rinse very thoroughly to avoid any chemical action upon the linen.

For wine stains sprinkle well with salt, moisten with boiling water and then pour boiling water through until the stain disappears. For blood stains, use cold water first, then soap and water. Hot water sets the stain.

For chocolate stains use cold water first, then boiling water from the tea kettle.

Fruit stains will usually yield to boiling water; but if not, oxalic acid may be used, allowing three ounces of the crystal to one pint of the water. Wet the stain with the solution, place over a kettle of hot water in the steam or in the sunshine. The instant the stain disappears, rinse well; wet the stain with ammonia to counteract the acid remaining. Then rinse thoroughly again. This will many times save the linen, which is apt to be injured by the oxalic acid. Javelle water is excellent for almost any white goods. It can be made at home or bought at any druggist's.

A decided novelty in lacing gloves has just been introduced. The idea is unique. It consists of imported jewels instead of the conventional hooks, the lacing effect remaining the same as usual. The formation of the fastener is of the regulation hook order.

The selection includes topaz, amethyst, garnet, emerald, turquoise and ruby stones, which are firmly set. The kid gloves on which these jewels are applied show different shades of light and dark reds, blacks, modes, tans, whites, blues, greens, grays, heliotropes and pearls.

These fancy conceits may be had either in suedes or glaces. Harmonious contrasting combinations are effected in several directions, the jewels, embroidery and trimming corresponding.

It is often necessary to furnish a guest room with as little expense as possible, and perhaps this is the reason why it sometimes boasts so conglomerate a collection of home-made furniture. Then, too, being used less than the other rooms, one naturally places there the trifles not intended for daily wear and tear.

A work basket is one of the dainty appurtenances of a guest room that goes far toward making a guest feel at home, and you can make one, costing very little, that will not only be pretty but will fulfill its mission as well as one costing ten times that sum.

Few hostesses understand the art of pouring tea and coffee, simple as it appears. As a rule, the guest of honor is offered the first cup, which is the weakest, and the children, if served at all, are given the last and strongest. When it is desirable to have all the cups of uniform strength one should pour a little into each and then begin over again, reversing the order. In England this is so well understood that a pourer of tea and coffee does not begin to replenish the cups till all are before her.

To make lavender sachets, without rubbing off the lavender flower from the stalks, take twelve sticks of lavender with large heads, and tie them tightly together close up to the heads with a piece of thread, and then tie around this the two pieces of ribbon, having first fastened their ends together. Bend the sticks down over the heads, and proceed to plait the ribbons in and out the sticks—first a row of one color, and then of the other, giving the effect of basket work, the heads of course being packed inside. Continue thus plaiting until the heads are quite covered, and finish off with dainty bows. Twist the ribbons down the sticks, which you can have any length you fancy—about four inches is generally considered long enough—and tie another little bunch of bows at the top to match the other ends. At first the plaiting may seem fidgety work, but after a little practice it is very quickly done, and the employment becomes quite fascinating. Great care must be taken to make the sachet quite neat at the top where the heads are soaked for a few minutes in cold water, when they will become quite pliable, but it is better to use the lavender directly it is cut, when the stalks will bend over quite easily. To make the sachets larger, a piece of cotton-wool, scented with lavender, can be fastened round the heads before the sticks are turned over. These lavender sachets form pretty little novelties. They are delightful to lay in drawers between linen or pocket handkerchiefs, strongly perfuming whatever they come in contact with.

If you are in search of a little gift for a man, there is nothing more chic than a golfing or a yachting matchbox. The matchbox is of silver, with an enameled design on the lid, showing golfers making various strikes—a collection of these boxes, with a golfer using the putter; another where he wields the lofter; still another in which he is shown with the mashie, and so on, would make a unique gift or gifts, and an appropriate one if the recipient happened to be a golf enthusiast.

According to those who have tried it, the face shampoo not only adds to the personal attractiveness of the shampooer, but creates a peaceful spirit in her. It rests her nerves after a morning's shopping; it restores her temper after a forenoon in the kitchen. To take it, rub fine soap and a little glycerine on a sponge, wet in water as hot as can be borne. Lather the face and neck thoroughly with this. Then rub with almond meal until the skin is dry. Wash all traces of meal and soap off with clean, hot water; spray with cold water until the flesh is firm and cold. Dry gently with a soft towel and the eyebrows and roots of the hair with a linen cloth, dampened in cologne.

Cosmetics.—1 Oatmeal may be used for beautifying the complexion in this way: Take a small quantity of meal and pour sufficient cold water over it to make a thin paste; then strain through a fine sieve and bathe the face with the liquid, leaving it to dry on the skin. This preparation renders the complexion very soft and white.

2 Take an ordinary milk pan, and fill it with the white flowers of the elderberry bush. The flowers should be covered with boiling water, placed out-of-doors in the sun for about three days, strained off, and bottled. The liquid should be of a dark mahogany color. It is an excellent lotion to remove sunburn and freckles.

3 Squeeze a little lemon juice on a soft, wet rag, and pass the rag over the face a number of times before retiring at night. Repeat the operation as often during the following day as you find it convenient, allowing the juice of the lemon to dry on the face. In a weak or so you will experience great benefit.

Ivy Poison: Recent investigations show that the poison of the poison ivy is a volatile oil. Hence, water will not remove the poison from the surface as well as alcohol if applied freely.

To Stew a Fowl.—Same preparation as for roasting, put dessertspoonful of butter in deep saucepan, and when the pan is hot, put in fowl; turn it over and over till it is browned all round, then put in teacupful of water and let stew till tender, constantly turning and adding a little water now and then; make gravy with liquid left in pan.

Lapland Cakes or Puffs.—One pint of milk, two eggs, beaten very light, one pint of flour, light. Mix a little salt, half of the flour with eggs, then milk, and lastly, remainder of flour. Bake in gem pans previously heated, and drop a piece of butter in each.

Pudding for Invalids.—First mix a dessertspoonful of cornflour with a little cold milk, and pour into it a pint of boiling milk, stirring to prevent lumps. Return all to the saucepan and boil two minutes, carefully stirring. Add a beaten egg, sugar and flavor to taste. Pour into a greased pie-dish, and bake for a quarter of an hour. Serve either hot or cold.

Delicate Apple Pie.—Make a rich syrup of white sugar, boiling in it several blades of mace or lemon rinds to flavor it, then put in tart apples that have been pared, quartered, and the cores removed; only a few should be put in at once. When they begin to grow tender, put them into your pie-plates. If not sufficiently seasoned add a little extract of lemon or nutmeg to the syrup, and turn it over the apples. Cover the pies with a nice pastry, and bake till of a light brown in a quick oven.

For Peace of Mind.

BY E. W.

IT WAS between the acts of a Wagnerian opera, in the theatre of a well-known German garrison town. Most of the audience had disappeared, and were promenading in the corridors and foyer; and all the first circle boxes were empty, with one exception, and in this, conversing earnestly, there still remained an English girl of great and striking beauty, and a tall distinguished-looking man, who, although wearing the uniform of a German cavalry officer, had a decidedly British appearance.

"Yes, Mary," he was saying in a low voice, "it is to-morrow we fight."

"To-morrow!" she exclaimed, flushing slightly. "So soon as that? But what made you quarrel with Heinrich, Walther?"

"Oh, I thought I had told you," he answered quickly. "The quarrel was none of my seeking; to tell the truth it was his jealousy. He cannot endure my being so often with you, I understand. Therefore he took the first opportunity of insulting me before my brother officers, and in so doing, called the honor of the regiment into question, and that, of course, brought matters to a climax."

"I wonder what right he has to be jealous," she said, with a curl of her beautiful lip. "I suppose he thinks because I went through that foolish betrothal ceremony that I actually belong to him, which I do not, and—" she hesitated.

"And what?" he asked eagerly.

"I never shall," she continued, determinedly. "I did what they persuaded me to do, but it was in ignorance. I did not know my own heart then; but I know it now."

"If you repudiate him it will kill Heinrich," he said under his breath, "and you cannot, Mary; the betrothal binds you."

"It does not, it does not," she interrupted impatiently. "I am English, and to me it is not binding. He must find someone else to love and rave over. There are plenty of others."

"Plenty of others, it is true," he said quietly; "but none like you, Mary."

She smiled brightly; she was well accustomed to flattery, and heeded it little; but this compliment pleased her, for it came from the man she loved.

"Although I know it is not true," she said, "I am happy that you think it so, Walther." And she lifted the long lashes which veiled her large brown eyes, and looking up full into his face, added, "But this duel—I cannot help thinking of it. I should like to know it was over—safely over."

"You may rest assured, Mary," he answered promptly, "that it will end safely, as far as he is concerned. I shall fire into the air. My mother, as you know, was an Englishwoman; she brought me up to hate these duels; but a German officer cannot, under any circumstances, refuse to fight when challenged. I shall fire into the air."

"Fire into the air?" she exclaimed.

"Yes, I could not endure to have a man's life upon my hands; it would seem to me too much like murder."

"But your life, Walther? Think—he would not hesitate to take yours."

"Perhaps," he said doubtfully; "but that is not the point. I have only myself to answer for, and therefore my life is of little consequence. I shall fire into the air."

"I would give years of my life," she said slowly, as if speaking to herself and unconscious of his presence, "if I were once more free—free of this horrid bond. It seems terrible if it is really so binding, and especially when—" and now she spoke almost in a whisper, "when I might have been so happy."

"Dear Mary," and his voice shook, and the hand that rested upon the hilt of his sword trembled, "as it is for you, so it is for me. When that day you told me of your betrothal it broke my heart, but even with love and hope dead, I still pray I may live out my life worthily to its end."

"A man may live without hope and love, a woman cannot—remember, a woman cannot," she murmured bitterly.

He saw the tears gather in her eyes, and he felt a strange huskiness, which prevented any attempt to reply, and silence fell upon them both. But it was soon broken by the sound of voices; the musicians commenced to take their seats, and slowly the auditorium began to refill.

The Frau General, in whose house the English fraulein had been living for nearly two years past, and who had accompanied her, according to custom, to the theatre, now joined them with her little fair-haired daughter in the box.

"Oh! Frau General, you are in good time," Mary Coniston exclaimed, throwing herself back in her chair and assuming a cheerful attitude. "The curtain will not rise for three minutes yet. Herr Hauptmann, you see, has been entertaining me in your absence. We have been talking English. This is the last act, and I am thankful, for I am feeling very tired." Then turning to the officer, she said, "Good night, Herr Hauptmann," adding in a low voice, "Think of my misery to-morrow, and do not fire into the air."

* * * * * * *

Walther never knew exactly how it happened, but he stood face to face with Heinrich, her last words rang in his ears like a command, and before he fired he took deliberate aim. So unerring was his aim, that, when he looked again, he saw his adversary lying stretched upon the ground, and for one terrible moment he believed him to be dead. And now that it was over, all that followed seemed to him like a dream, too terrible to recall, too hideous to be true.

The lifting up of the unconscious man, the blood from a frightful wound in the face just between the eyes, flowing over his hands—the hands that had shed it,—the drive to the hospital, his confession to the military authorities, and afterwards his meeting with his comrades, the mockery it had been to him to hear their warm commendation at his having so successfully upheld the honor of the regiment.

News of the injured man had reached him—he lived, but was in a most critical state, and even if skill and care should save his life, his sight would be lost to him for ever.

And then, as he sat alone, brooding over this in hopeless despair, a letter was brought to him from Mary, in which she congratulated him upon his safety, but never a word of that other—the victim, lying in terrible suffering and darkness.

Oh! she must be cruel and heartless, indeed; cruel and heartless beyond conception. Could he still love her? still continue to love her, knowing this? What were beauty of face and form without beauty of soul?

Yet, as his eye fell upon the photograph she had enclosed within the note, he knew that he loved her as wildly and as passionately as ever.

* * * * * * *

"Mariechen, come to me, let me feel your hand in mine. Mariechen, you will still love me though I am blind—Mariechen—my Mariechen?"

These were the words dictated to the nurse by the unfortunate Heinrich von Ambrecht, when at last he recovered consciousness. The little piece of paper was despatched to Mary Coniston by a trusted messenger, and put into her hands that same day. And he waited and waited for the answer that never came; and then again he sent to her, and still always no reply.

"Mariechen," he wrote once more, by the hand of the nurse, "Can it be you will not come, that you do not love me any longer, because I am blind, disfigured? Is this why you remain away, my beloved, my betrothed, my own?

"But remember in life or death you still belong to me. I will never part from you nor give you up to him. No, never! never! Death, I know, is near me; but do not think that means release for you. No, love is stronger than death; such love as mine. My weakness binds me down now, so that I cannot come to you; but death will set me free, and in that hour I will come for you, and you shall be mine for ever beyond the grave."

Mary Coniston shuddered as she read these words in spite of herself, in spite of the reflection that they were those of a man whose brain was weakened, and intellect consequently shattered by continuous and intense suffering.

But she resolved to leave Germany at once, and return to her friends in England, where she knew Walther would join her, after the short period of detention in a fortress expired, to which, as a matter of form, he had been condemned by the Court Martial, for what those who made it considered a perfectly admirable act, rather than an offence, and in no sense whatever a crime.

* * * * * * *

At the expiration of three months Walther's hour of release came, and his first act was to leave the army, where he felt life would be intolerable now.

Large property had been left to him by a distant relative in England, and thither he immediately repaired, and shortly after became engaged to Mary Coniston.

Heinrich was still detained in the hospital, suffering greatly, and quite blind, with death creeping upon him slowly but surely.

Mary thought no more of him; she did not even answer the imploring, indignant letter she had received from the sister, who loved him; and she smiled at the threat of retribution it contained.

What retribution could reach her; and after all what evil had she done that she should merit it? she asked herself.

Could it be expected that she, beautiful and rich, the desired of all, should sacrifice herself for the sake of one who had become blind and disfigured, a helpless invalid? Surely he never could have loved her, to even wish that such a thing could be.

The wedding day drew near. Mary Coniston, ever since her return to England, had been staying in the country with her uncle, who was squire of the village, and from whose house she was to be married.

Proud of the beauty of his niece, her uncle, who was rich and a bachelor, resolved to give a grand ball in her especial honor, to celebrate the approaching marriage. It was fixed to take place upon the last day of July, and when the night arrived it proved a perfectly ideal one for such an occasion.

The dancing proceeded vigorously until twelve o'clock, when the musicians, having retired for rest and refreshment, the guests promenaded through the gardens, or lingered about the terrace, upon which the long French windows of the ball-room opened.

Mary, the belle of the ball, had escaped from a crowd of admirers, that she might be for a few moments alone with Walther. They strolled into the deserted ball-room, and, as they stood together in the brilliant light of many gasoliers, he proudly gazed upon her beautiful face, and the loveliness of her form in its clinging white dress, little dreaming it was for the last time.

He thought of the hour when he had seen her first, three years ago, in the old Museum Hall, in the far away German town, where he had loved and won her. He forgot the terrible thing that had happened there, and how it had come about that she was plighted to him now, and remembered only the happy days they had passed together. Some inexplicable impulse moved him to ask her to sing the German song which had been his favorite then.

At his request she seated herself at the piano, and touching the keys with the skill and ease of the fine musician she was, played the melody over softly, then, as she broke into song, the sounds of merriment without ceased, and all the guests crowded into the room to listen.

She sang wonderfully, with the true sympathetic power that the singing of such a song needed; but when she came to the third verse a sudden pause ensued, and starting up, she seized the hand of Walther, and pointed towards the window facing them, out into the night. Her face had turned ashen white, she trembled violently — her teeth chattered.

"Walther," she cried, "Look—there—there. It is he—Heinrich! Heinrich! Oh, hold me, hold me fast. He will take me. Hold me—hold me fast—fast. Oh! Walther—fast—fast!"

She threw her arms around him wildly, and clung to him with all her strength, at the same time that she gave utterance to a fearful shriek, paralysing with awe and horror the hearts of all the assembled guests, who had crowded round her.

But they did not see what the lovers saw, the figure of a man standing just within the window, dressed in a shirt, a white bandage across his eyes, his arms stretched out towards her, the thin emaciated fingers of his long hands spread out, and a plain gold ring glittering upon the third finger; and the sound of a low hollow voice did not reach their ears, calling:

"Mariechen! Mariechen!"

Walther drew her close to him. He held her with all his strength, no mortal man could have wrestled her from him; but it was not with mortal power he had to combat now.

"Darling," he whispered, "it is but fancy. Do not be afraid, I can—" he broke off. Her grasp had suddenly relaxed, her eyes, which were strained fixedly towards the place where the figure had stood, but which he saw no longer, had a strange, fixed stare in them. He could not feel her breathe, she lay quite white and still, her hands where growing cold; the awful truth forced itself upon him—Mary Coniston had gone with Heinrich, her plighted troth had been redeemed; it was a corpse he held within his arms. The horrors of it overpowered him, and he fell senseless to the floor.

* * * * * * *

The day following, when she was lying dead, a telegram reached the mansion of Mary Coniston.

He opened it, and read thus:

"On the 31st, a few minutes after midnight, my brother Heinrich died with your name upon his lips."—Olga von Ambrecht.

* * * * * * *

Walther left England. He sought for peace of mind—sought it everywhere—in foreign, far distant lands, but in vain. At last, in the quiet of the Swiss hills, in a lonely monastery, among the holy men who had devoted their lives to God, he believed that he had found it.

But, although only thirty, he was grey-haired and quite broken down when, the year after, death came to him, and the kind-hearted fraternity buried him in their little cemetery, just outside the monastery wall.

ORIGIN OF CARDS.—About the year 1390, cards are said to have been invented to divert Charles IV., then King of France, who had fallen into a melancholy disposition.

About the same time, is found in the account-book of the King's Cofferer the following charge: "For a pack of painted leaves, bought for the king's amusement, three livres." Printing and stamping being not then discovered, the cards were painted, which made them dearer.

By their designs the inventor proposed, by the figures of the four suits (or colors), to represent the four classes of men in the kingdom. By the Cœurs, hearts, are meant the gens de chœur, or ecclesiastics.

The nobility, or prime military parts of the kingdom, are represented by the ends or points of lances or pikes (and our ignorance induced us to call them spades).

By diamonds are designed the merchants and tradesmen. The other the trefoil leaf, or clover grass, (corruptly called clubs), alludes to the husbandmen and peasants.

The "History of the Four Kings," which the French, in drollery, sometimes call "the cards," is that of David, Alexander, Cæsar, and Charles—names which were and still are on the French cards. These respective names represent the four celebrated monarchies of the Jews, Greeks, Romans, and Franks under Charlemagne.

By the Queens are intended Aryme, Esther, Juno, and Pallas (names retained on the French cards), typical of Birth, Piety, Fortitude and Wisdom—the qualification residing in each person. By the knaves were designed the servants of knights (for knave meant originally only servant, and in an old translation of the Bible Paul is called the knave of Christ).

Others fancy that the knights themselves were designed by those cards, because Hogier and Lahives, two names on the French cards, were famous knights at the time the cards were invented.

PROLIX VERBOSITY.—A paper tells a story of how a father cured his son of verbal grandiloquence. The boy wrote from college, using such long words that the father replied with the following—"Although somewhat circumlocutory, superbombastic in his language, the father is something of a phraseur himself." Here is the letter—

"In promulgating your esoteric cogitations or articulating superficial sentimentalities and philosophical or psychological observations, beware of the platitudinous. Let your conversation possess a clarified conciseness, compacted comprehensibleness, coalescent consistency, and a concatenated cogency. Eschew all conglomerations of flatulent garrulity, jejune babblement, and asinine affectations. Let your extemporaneous descantings and unpremeditated expatiations have intelligibility, without rhodomontade or thrasonical bombast. Sedulously avoid all polysyllabical profundity, pompous prolixity, and ventriloquial vapidity. Shun double entendre and prurient jocosity, whether obscure or apparent. In other words, speak truthfully, naturally, clearly, purely, but do not use long words."

Humorous.

'TWAS EVER THUS

Down a winding pathway,
In a garden old,
Tripped a dainty maiden;
But her heart was cold.

Came a prince to woo her—
Said he loved her true;
Maiden said he didn't,
So he ceased to woo.

Came a dashing stranger,
Took her off by force;
Said he'd make her love him—
And she did, of course!

Shortest in Morals as in Mathematics—A straight line.

Irate Father: "I don't want you to visit my house again, sir!"

Young Man (affably): "It is not your house I visit, sir, but your daughter."

Clara: Do you believe in the doctrine of every man for himself?

May: No. I believe that it should be every man for some girl.

"Your heart goes out in sympathy for the poor?" said Hicks.

"Yes; though it sounds like rank egotism to say it," replied Wicks.

"How was it discovered that the prisoner was a woman disguised as a man?"

"She was placed in a chair with a tidy on the back and sat for fifteen minutes without disturbing it."

Ethel: "Do you allow Charles to kiss you when you are not yet engaged to him?"

Maud: "It isn't an allowance. He calls it a perquisite."

Student: How would you advise me to go about collecting a library?

Professor: Well, I'll tell you how I managed it. When I was young I bought books and lent them. Now I borrow books and keep them.

Sure Sign That She Liked Him—Small boy: "My sister likes you."

Young man (calling): "That's very nice. I like her, too, very much."

Small boy: "Yes, she said she liked you, because you never came often and didn't stay long."

Hobbs and Dobbs were discussing men who stammer. "The hardest job I ever had," said Hobbs, "was to understand a deaf and dumb man who stammered."

"How can a deaf and dumb man stammer?" asked Dobbs.

"Easily enough," replied Hobbs. "He had rheumatism in his fingers."

"Are you the proprietor of this restaurant?" said the man who had waited for his order until he became sleepy.

"Yes, sir. What can I do for you?

"You can give me some information. I want to know whether you have told the waiter to stay away so that you can bring in a bill for lodging against me."

Sunday school teacher: Children, do you know the house that is open to all—to the poor, the rich, the sad, the happy, to man and woman; to the old and the young? Do you know the house I mean?

Little Johnny: Yeth, ma'am, I know.

Sunday school teacher: Well, Johnny, what house is it?

Little Johnny: The station house.

Fred: "How are you getting on with Miss Angell? Did you speak to her father, as you determined?"

Frank: "Yes."

Fred: "And how did it come out?"

Frank: "So-so. I said to him, 'Mr. Angell, I love your daughter.' Said he, 'So do I; now let's talk about something else.'"

Fred: "And then?"

Frank: "We talked about something else."

"What," said a lecturer, warming to his subject, "what will unman a bright youth more, what will destroy his ambition more quickly than the calamity of being thrown overboard by the object of his worship?"

"Marrying her!" piped a henpecked man in the rear of the hall.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said an eloquent lawyer, "remember that my client is hard of hearing, and that, therefore, the voice of conscience appeals to him in vain!"

The proprietor of a menagerie issued a placard offering $100 to anyone who would enter the cage of the lion. Towards the end of the performance a peasant walked up to the lion-tamer and said: "Sir, I have come to earn the hundred dollars."

General horror. The lion-tamer replied with a derisive sneer: "So you want to go into the lion's cage?"

"Aye, sure," said the peasant.

"Come on, then! There, I will open the trap door for you, and you can step in.

"Well, yes," answered the countryman, turning to the audience with a broad grin on his face, "I am going in, but the beast will have to come out first. You know the paper only says: Anyone going into the cage shall have a hundred dollars."

ABOUT DUELS.

Duels are not uncommon events in France, but not for many years have two men of such prominence as the Prince of Orleans and the Count of Turin gone out to do battle with each other.

As a rule, too, nothing is heard of a duel after it has taken place, whereas in this instance the whole world knew the two men intended to fight. In one sense the event was of international importance.

While Germans, Russians and Englishmen regard it as merely a dramatic event which would be well worth seeing, Italians and Frenchmen become patriots to the finger tips whenever they think of the meeting.

In all ages man has fought in this fashion, and, though dueling is now practically abolished in most European countries and is interdicted in almost all, not a year passes that men do not try to settle their differences in this stern, old-fashioned style.

The code in regard to dueling is practically the same in all the countries of continental Europe, although minor changes may be found here and there. The rules to be observed are precise and clear, and no deviation from them is allowed. Most of them have been in force ever since men first began to fight duels.

The usual weapon is the sword. It is chosen in many cases because it offers the best chance to one who is unskilled in the use of any weapon.

"A tyro," says a French writer, "who has sang-froid and prudence may fight a duel with a sword without receiving any serious wound. Moreover, a man with a sword in his hand has an admirable means of defense, which is not the case with a pistol."

If pistols are used the combat should take place on a plateau or plain and the distance between the principals should be from thirty to fifty yards. Neither principal must have any knowledge of the pistol which he is to use, for it is manifest that a man knowing the good and bad points of the weapon would have a great advantage over his rival.

Duels with sabres are seldom fought now. The main feature in which they differ from dueling with swords is that the combatants enjoy a greater liberty of movement, the right to advance, to break away and to move around each other being granted them.

The codes used in all English speaking countries are derived from the Irish code duello and differ from it but slightly. The Irish code was adopted at Clonmel in the summer of 1777 by the gentlemen of Tipperary, Galway, Mayo, Sligo and Roscommon, and was prescribed for general adoption throughout Ireland.

In modern Russia no duels are fought, except for very grave causes. No man thinks of sending a challenge unless his honor is seriously attacked or some woman dear to him is slandered. But when a Russian does fight he fights to the death. Either he or his adversary must disappear off the face of the earth. Naturally, rules governing such desperate combats are more rigorous than in other countries where a duel ends as soon as either party has received a slight wound. Moreover, Russians very rarely fight with sabre or sword, the dueling pistols being their favorite weapon.

When a meeting is arranged the principals may decide to fight at a fixed or at a variable distance.

At the word "Go!" the principals advance towards the barriers, which they must not cross, and while they are advancing they may fire.

The one who fires first and misses his adversary is obliged either to stop or to go as far as his barrier, and the one who has not yet fired has always the right to go to the very line of his own barrier.

Besides Russian duels of this style there are others which are more rare, but which occasionally occur, among them being the duel "across a handkerchief" and what is known as the American duel, in which one of the principals is bound to commit suicide.

In Germany there are so-called tribunals of honor, whose duty is to decide whether in any given case a duel is justifiable. When one man insults another the matter is referred to one of these tribunals, and its members decide whether the insult is grave enough to warrant a duel.

Officers of the army are under the special care of these tribunals, whose chief aim is to see that honor shall in no wise be tarnished. The tribunals have the right to discipline any officer whose conduct appears to them blameworthy, and they may even exclude from the army any unworthy officer. On the other hand, they are obliged to champion any officer whose honor is in jeopardy.

An officer who quarrels with a comrade must submit the matter to a tribunal, and the members thereof must then do their utmost to bring about a reconciliation. If they fail nothing remains for them but to arrange a duel, at which they will be represented by one of their members.

Of German university duels all the world has heared. Possibly there are not as many now as there were half a century ago, but there is no doubt that in many places the time-honored custom still survives.

A student entering a German university generally joins a society known as "Verbindung," and during his first year's membership he bears the title of "fuchs," or fox. During his second year he may attain the lofty dignity of a "bursch," or good fellow; but first he must fight a duel with one of his comrades, and therefore he must seize the first opportunity of picking a quarrel with one of his brother foxes. This is an easy matter, especially at a drinking party, and of course there is a mutual agreement that the slightest offence shall be considered good ground for a duel.

The weapons chosen are rapiers, and as a rule several duels takes place on the same day. Of course the utmost precautions are made to keep the matter concealed from the police, as there are very severe laws against duelists who may be caught in the act. While there is no American code of honor, most of the duels in this country have been arranged and fought in accordance with the regulations prescribed by foreign codes.

Dueling still exists among many tribes of American Indians, and as a general rule the fight goes on until both combatants perish. The day is fixed and the tribe assembles. At a given signal the combatants advance, the challenger being armed with a rifle or shotgun and the offender being unarmed.

The latter uncovers his breast and calmly receives the bullet or shot, whereupon the challenger, satisfied that his enemy is slain, hands his weapon to some relative or friend of the dying man, and, aimed at his heart, receives without a murmur his own deathblow.

The following story will show how duelling is conducted in Japan. Two officers of the emperor's staff happened to meet on the imperial staircase, and as they passed each other their swords became entangled and a war of words arose.

"It is only an accident," said one, coolly, "and at best it is only a quarrel between the two swords."

"We will see about that!" cried the other excitedly, and with these words he drew his weapon and plunged it into his breast. The other eager to obtain the same advantage, hurried away on some imperative piece of business, and on returning to his antagonist found him already at the point of death. Thereupon he drew his sword and plunged it into his own body, saying to the dying man:

"You would not have the start of me if you had not found me engaged in the service of the prince. I die contented, however, since I have had the glory of convincing you that my sword is as good as yours."

The laws against dueling are severe in England, Italy, Switzerland and Spain, and as a rule they are hardly ever broken.

NUTS AND FRUITS.—An earnest English food specialist, says in speaking of the peculiarities of various foods, that—

Blanched Almonds give the higher nerve or brain and muscle food; no heat or waste.

Walnuts give nerve or brain food muscle, heat and waste.

Green Water-grapes are blood purifying (but of little food value); reject pips and skins.

Blue Grapes are feeding and blood purifying; too rich for those whose suffer from the liver.

Tomatoes. Higher nerve or brain food and waste; no heat; they are thinning and stimulating. Do not swallow skins.

Juicy Fruits give more or less the higher nerve or brain, and some few muscle food and waste; no heat.

Apples supply the higher nerve and muscle food, but do not give stay.

Prunes afford the highest nerve or brain food; supply heat and waste, but are not muscle-feeding. They should be avoided by those who suffer from the liver.

Oranges are refreshing and feeding, but are not good if the liver is out of order.

Dried Figs contain nerve and muscle food, heat and waste; but are bad for the liver.

The great majority of small fresh seed fruits are laxative.

All stone fruits are considered to be injurious for those who suffer from the liver, and should be used cautiously.

Lemons and tomatoes should not be used daily in cold weather; they have a thinning and cooling effect.

Raisins are stimulating in proportion to their quality.

IT is an important part of education to introduce greatness to the mind of the child, not in an abstract and mechanical way, but in the living illustrations which exist around us, and through the loving and loyal records of its existence in past times.

Equally needful is it in all self-culture to keep ourselves in touch with the truly great men of our own and of past ages. No learning however profound, no experience however valuable, can ever atone for the absence of this influence.

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No. 1. The round of the head.
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Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov. 29, '88. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

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